

# HEAVEN The End of Man

*C. Walton.*  
OR,

## FINAL CAUSE OF THE SOUL'S SPIRIT.

By WILLIAM WILLIAMS,  
Teutonico-Philosopho-Theologus.

Juvenal. Satyr. VIII.

*Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,  
(viz. Virginis Pudicitia.)*

*Et propter vitam vivendi perdere CAUSAS.*

*Viz. Deum, Efficientem; Virginem, Formalem;  
& Cælum Finalem Causam.*

*He that loveth his Life above the end of Life,  
shall lose it.*

L O N D O N :

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entitled, 'AN INTRODUCTION TO THEOSOPHY,  
Vol. I., A.D. 1854.'



## R E A D E R.

**T**Hou art here presented with a small Tract, written in an Uncommon Stile: The Author hath been much conversant in, and a Student of the *Tentonick Philosophy*: His Notions, which he hath here delivered, (though somewhat uncouth) yet are they not to be rejected: He hath express'd himself for the most part in a Metaphorical manner, in which the Curious Readers are desired to receive them: With this Request, Not to permit the Non, or Misunderstanding of the Rational Reader, if not a little Elevated, and more Divinely Enlightned, then the unthinking World generally is, be imputed as a fault to the Unintelligibleness of the Book it self: It is not denied but that somewhat may be Objected against it; but what then? I know of no Systems, of Divinity nor Philosophy, exposed to Humane View, but there may be Objections raised, that cannot (by the best Wits) be easily, if at all, Answered. It will likewise be expected from him that is so Captious and enviously Critical, to set forth something in which will be no Contradiction nor Disconsonancy; and then he may more reasonably find fault: But as it is improbable, nay utterly impossible to please all, so the Author expects not to be disliked by all; and if what he hath here publish'd please but the best, or be profitable to any, he hath his end, who desires nothing more than the Manifestation of the Truths of God in Nature and Scripture; whose aim and end is to be his Servant, and every Mans Brother,

*Dum Spiritus hos regit Artus.*

Reader, Thou mayst here perceive,

- |                                  |                                   |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. What Mans Condition was.      | 6. Or if he refuse.               |
| 2. What it is.                   | 7. What it must be, if persevere. |
| 3. What it ought to be.          | 8. Or if he fall from Grace.      |
| 4. What it ought not to be.      | 9. What it will be in the Bliss.  |
| 5. What it may be, if he accept. | 10. Or in the Curse.              |

The

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H E A V E N  
The End of Man  
O R,  
F I N A L C A U S E  
O F  
The S O U L S Spirit.

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CHAP. I.  
The Souls Antiquity.

*The P R E F A C E.*

**T**He Words of the Eternal Preacher, Son of God, King of Heaven, *Vanity of Vanities* (saith the Great Prophet) *Vanity of Vanities.* All the Labour of *Lucifer* is *Vanity*: And it is in vain to act against God, it shall never prosper. *What profit hath Lucifer now of all the Labour in opposition to God, which he hath taken under the Sun of his Eternity? One Generation of Angels hath passed away, and another humane off-spring comes in their stead: But the Kingdom and the Prize which is to be contended for, abideth still.*

§. 1. *Lucifer's Noble Birth.*

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the w.
**W**hen Almighty God was pleased to multiply himself in Generating the holy Angels, even the three Throne-Angels, from whom again sprung many thousand Millions, *Lucifer's* Dominion stood in the middle betwixt *Michael* and *Uriel*: And he receiving and partaking of the brightness and beauty of the other two, as by reflexive Rays, was invested with a most transcendent Glory and Fairness. But when he gazed and looked upon the most excellent Clarity and Beauty of the Son of God, and also of his Pure and Blest Virgin, making her self ready as a Bride for the reception of her Husband; and when he perceived that this Virgin of God was the most beautiful of the Virgins, he took a distaste against his own Virgin, whom God had appointed for him as his chaste Consort, and fell deeply in love with Gods Queen-Virgin, desiring to be like her, or indeed brighter and fairer than she: And was exceedingly importunate to unite with and defile her in the Bed of Incest, not being content to enjoy her pleasant Aspect and Serenity, to partake of her delightful Society and Communication, as his dear Sister. But, Oh (said she) dost thou know who I am? Look upon my Clarity and Excellency, and the Majesty of my Glory: Go home to thy study, and think of something else: Aim not too high: This Attempt is too difficult for thee: Thou art not worthy of me, for I am the chaste Spouse of the Son of the Deity: *I never will defile my self*: I will never consent to thy foolish desire. Thereupon *Lucifer* being highly affronted, endeavoured to force her to his unlawful purpose, and would needs commit a Rape upon her: But as rescued by the Angels, and carried into the *Wilderness*.

*Wilderness, where she had a place prepared of God for Her. Then Lucifer cast out the Flood of his Wrath, and disgorged the Vomit of his Malice after her, to devour her. But the Earth helped the Virgin, and swallowed up the Flood of his Envy, and she escaped into Gods Pallace, which God appointed for her Sanctuary of Refuge.*

§. 2. *Lucifer's Fall.*

**N**OW *Lucifer* increasing the Infection of his Eyes, by gazing upon her Beauty, and letting out his Mind after her for a hellish end, he importun'd her to look out at the Window of her Pallace, and would needs periwade her by all manner of smooth and flattering speeches, to take a walk with him in the adjacent Groves of Paradise: She still dissuaded him from such a foolish Attempt of false Lust, saying, Be but content, and I will cloath thee with my Jewels, and the Ornaments of my excelling Beauty; But be assured I will never consent to be Defiled with false Imagination, or to be infected with Lust. Then he opened the Door in the Center of his Dominion, which was Eternally forbidden: And would needs search into the Ground or Abyss of the Deity, to know the Root of the false Tree in the Center or midst of the Creation, seeking to know whence the Cause of Gods Beauty and his proceeded. And then said, O fair Virgin, if thou consent to cohabit with me, I will honour thee with the Joynture of my Black Kingdom: I will make thee Queen of the Infernal Regions: She still scorned his Rashness, and pitied his Folly. Art thou, said he, become so disdainful and haughty? I will force thee to my Lust, whether thou consentest or no. But she was caught up to Heaven. At that *Lucifer* raved, roared, raged



and spat poyson, like an horrible Dragon, as if he would tear the three Worlds, and the Deity it self in pieces, if it had been possible. And *there was a kind of War : Michael and his Angels expelled Lucifer and his Dragon-Angels out of Heaven : And yet it was no real War, for Heaven spewed him out of its own accord, and he was cast out, as Dung, into the cursed part of the Earth ; and his Souldiers, his Vassals, were cast out with him.*

Then for Malice being mad with Fury, he endeavoured to blow his poyson, and belch forth his malignity into all the Seeds and Idea's of the Creatures of this Creation which we now see.

Thus also *Lucifer* for Madnes sought to slay his own innate proper Virgin, after he had failed in deflowering of her, which was contrary to the Law of Eternity : And therefore he opened the Matrice of the wrathful Nature, and was united with, and generated a Dragon-like Essence, & to his own everlasting Torment, so that now he burns in the Hellish Fire of his Consumption, never to be consumed : And *bath great Wrath and Envy against the Son of Man, who is to dethrone him, because he knows he has but a short time. Wo to the Inhabitants of the Earth and of the Sea, for the Devil is come down unto you.* So that to this day we plainly see the cause of *Lucifer's* Envy against the Son of Man, even, Because He expels *Lucifer* out of his Throne, and is but an Usurper, as *Lucifer* lays to his Charge. And so *Lucifer* spat his Malice upon every thing that was capable of Receiving it, as a Serpent out of a hole or prison to which he is confin'd : And before the Creation he would envenom the Seeds of the External Essences : For every thing had its own Formative Seed in its self, before it was created. *So the Earth was with-*

out Form, and Void, like a Chaos, and Darknes was upon the face of the great Deep in Lucifer's Dominion.

§ 3. *Lucifer Captivated.*

**Y**ET the Spirit of God would not suffer this once fair middle World to stand in Eternal Ignominy, and to become the Devils Murthering Den: But he moved the Waters to quench Lucifer's Dark Lightning and Thunder, and his Jugling Tricks, and said, Let there be Light to adorn this fair World, as it had done from Eternity, and there was Light. Then the Creation groaned and travailed in great Labour to be freed from the Vanity of the Curse, this Vanity of Vanities, that was a Vexation to the Spirit of God. For Lucifer, if he had his will, would suffer neither Grass, Flower, nor Fruit to grow, nor Animals to live, for the Use and Recreation of Man, for he envied his Happiness. And he himself could not enjoy their Society, for every thing feared him, and shunned him, as a Revolted Prince and Tyrant. But when on the fifth Day he saw that Life and Sense sprung up through his dark Death, he intended as he sat in Council, to torture or to kill the Beasts, Birds and Fishes, for a Mock-Sacrifice to atone the wrath of the incensed Gods: For he understood there was no Lord or Arch-Shepherd set over them, to protect them: Therefore also the Creator consulted to put a stop to his Trayterous Rage, and malicious designs of his fellow-Plotters, and to generate a Lord to supply his place upon his Throne, and to divest him of his Robes and his Crown.

Here ariseth a great Objection, Why did not God annihilate the Devil, when he was aware of the danger of his Fall?

*Anſw.* *Lucifer* being created out of the Eſſence of God, and being made a free Agent, had the Power of his own Will, and was in a Capacity of giving Glory to God, as well as the other two Hierarchies : So that according to the Order and Creation of Angelical Nature, the Eſſence of *Lucifer* could not be turned into Nothing. God as a moſt ſkilful Muſician melodized with himſelf on his own Harp in Heavenly Joy before the World was. God gave *Lucifer* (once a moſt fair and bright Angel, but now corrupted and ſpoiled by Imagination and Pride) ſuch another Harp. But *Lucifer* broke the Strings, and inſtead thereof, (becauſe he was not willing to play together with God and the holy Angels, in one Symphony) puts ſomething invented by his vain Fancy, which makes an horrible noiſe. [And here is now God againſt God.]

But you will ſay, *Lucifer* is Unalmighty. So he is ; but aſk the Devil, and he will tell you, He is the Almighty God, and Omnipotent Mountebank in the Dark World, and alſo *Prince of* the wrathful part of *this World*, and is abſolute Monarch in his own Black Region. Therefore O Man, beware to come thither : For to return again to God's Jurisdiction, *Hic Labor, Hoc Opus eſt.*

But you will ſay, Why did God create or generate Man, ſeeing he knew it would increaſe the Devils Kingdom ?

*Anſw.* The Devil could not be captivated otherwiſe : And there was no neceſſity that Man ſhould fall, except he would himſelf : For if our Noble Protoplaſt had ſtood, in the great Trial in *Paradiſe*, tho' *Lucifer* had infected the Macrocoſm, as to one part, yet the infected part was hidden in the black Principle, and the Earth had been a meer *Paradiſe* in this fair World.



§. 4. *The Soul's Eternity.*

**N**OW, O Man, behold thy self: Thou art *Lucifer's Rival*: Consider the Eternity, Antiquity, and Beginningless Noble Birth of thy Soul: Thou art but a little or small Incarnation, and yet God was pleased therein, to multiply himself: O Man, consider thy self here: Thou hast the Image of the Great Creator upon thy Soul; tho' defaced, yet capable to be restamped upon thy Spirit. *Vanity of Vanities: All is Vanity*, whatever it be that offendeth or vexeth the pure Spirit of God and his Divine Image: Therefore whatever hurteth or hindereth the well-being of the Soul, or Separates it from God its Creator, must be removed. *What profit hath he that worketh in all wherein he labour-eth for the Wind? God hath made every thing beautiful in his time: also he hath set the World in Mans Heart; Yea the three Worlds are in the little World; so that no Man can find out the Work that God maketh from the Not-beginning of Eternity to the infinite End: For the Work of Eternity is the World not yet made, and yet ever made by Eternity.*

And Good and Evil do manifest themselves one by the other; so Pain and Pleasure remain in one another hidden, yet both remain in the wonder of God, to his own Manifestation and Glory.

*And so, when I applied my Heart to know Wisdom, and to see the business that is done upon the Humane Earth in this lower World: (for there is that neither day nor night enjoyeth a sweet rest of sleep with his Eyes, in the Darknes of the Hellish Shadows:) Then I beheld all the Work of God, that a Man cannot find out the Work that is done under the Eternal Sun: Because tho' a*

Man labour to seek it out, yet he shall not find it : Yea, though a Wise Man by the Serpents Craft think to know it, yet he shall not be able to search it out.

*The thing that hath been before the Creation is that which shall be ; and that which is done at present, is that which shall be done in the succeeding World, and there is no new thing under the Temporal or Eternal Sun : Is there any Soul whereof it may be said, See this Essence is New ? It hath been already of old time ( in the Nonage of Mans Generation ) which was before us. There is no remembrance of former things that were done in Lucifer's Apostacy : The New Man forgets all old things : Neither shall there be any remembrance of things that are to come in Man's Apostacy, by the succeeding Generations that shall come after us. For to every purpose under the unmixed Heaven there is a season, and a time for every Action : A time to dye to the World, and a time to be New-born : A time to plant good Herbs, and a time to pluck up evil Weeds that are planted in the Heart : A time to kill evil Beasts, and a time to heal the wounds of the Soul : A time to break down Lucifer's Bulwarks, and a time to build up the holy Tabernacle for God in Man. A time to weep for sins past, and a time to laugh in Heaven : A time to mourn, when the holy Bride is with-drawn ; And a time to dance with her when she is found : A time to cast away Stones out of the Soulish Field, and a time to gather Stones together for Gods Building : A time to embrace the Virgin, and a time to refrain : A time to get Heavenly Treasures, and a time to lose all for the sake of the Beloved : A time to keep the Divine Talent, and a time to cast away Lucifer's Jewels : A time to rent the Heart, and a time to sew new Garments with new Cloth : A time to keep silence from uttering vain words, and a time to speak to Gods praise :*

praise : *A time to love* God and his fair Daughters,  
*and a time to hate* what is contrary to him : *A time*  
*to War* with Lucifer, *and a time of Peace*, when the  
 End of our Journey is found.

§ 5. *Man a Subject of Time.*

SO that tho' Time be mutable, yet there is an un-  
 interrupted coherence between its Links or  
 Chains; and if the Cause go before, the Effect must  
 follow: For if there be a departure out of the Or-  
 der, there must be a time to put that which departs  
 therefrom in its due place again, or turn it out.

And so if there be a *time* of a false *Birth*, there  
 must be a *time to die* Eternally, if not new born. If  
 there be a *time to plant* evil Weeds, there must be a  
*time to pluck them up*, and throw them without the  
 Garden, and the Planter together. If Man affords  
*time to kill* the Son of God in his Conscience, God  
 will find a *time to raise* him again to judge the Mur-  
 derer. If Man finds *time to build up* a Babel of  
 Confusion, God will *break it down* in his *time*. If  
 there be a *time to laugh* in vanity, there must be a *time*  
*to weep* in repentance, or to weep in Eternity. If a  
*time to dance* to Satan's Musick, there must be a *time*  
*to mourn* in Sackcloth and Ashes. If there be a *time*  
*to gather stones together* to Babel, there must be a *time*  
*to cast them away*. If there be a *time to embrace* Jeza-  
 bel, there will be a *time to refrain* from that embra-  
 cing. If there be a *time to get* Riches by false deal-  
 ings, there will be a *time to lose* them by Thieves and  
 Rust, or other means. If there be a *time to keep* Gods  
 Talent in a Napkin, and hide it, there will be a *time*  
*to take it away*, and give it to another. If there be a  
*time to sow* Fig-leaves, there must be a *time to rent*  
 them,

them, and discover the Nakedness of those that sew them. If there be *a time* that the dumb Conscience (who betrays his Author) *keeps silence*, there must be *a time* that it will *speak* to Condemnation. If there be *a time to love* the Whore, there will be *a time to hate* and curse her, that ever she was an occasion of Allurement. If there be *a time* of false *peace*, and taking up a false Rest, short of the Journey's end, there must be *a time* that the Conscience will proclaim an implacable *War* against him that doth so, and cause him to wander as a Fugitive and Vagabond to Eternity, and yet never obtain his Desire upon his Enemies. And thus, *because to every Action there is appointed a true time, therefore the misery of Man is great upon him.*

Now here lies the Great Mystery, because of Ignorance in the Souls Original and Nobility, many a Man becomes a wretched Miscreant. Nay (may some say) It is by Gods predestinate purpose that Man is to know and feel pain. Yes, this is the predestinate purpose of God, and the Antient Law of Eternity, That whoever would be greater than God, and oppose his own humour and self-will to Gods will, must feel Eternal Pain, that proceeds from this chiefly; He will gnash his Teeth, and *eat his own Flesh*; yea, from his own Center shall stream Flashes of burning Brimstone, because he will think how he hath fooled himself away by his own Folly, when he might have been a Royal Prince: So that Ignorance is the cause of Mans Wretchedness: Man shuts his Eyes, and seeth not how God the Root of Man, cannot by *any Skill or Device* be plucked up: And so Man comes to be subject to *an evil time and ill chance*, by breaking himself off from his true Eternal Root.

§. 6. *The Soul's Circle.*

**T***He words of the Preacher, the Prophetical Sound, the Son of God, King of Heaven, Prince of Order, and Ruler of the seven Worlds: One Humane or Angelical Spirit passeth away into its own Place and Lot, and another Brood cometh into this World in his stead: But the Mansion of the Spirit abideth unmoved for ever.*

*The Humane Sun ariseth and seems to set out of sight, and so Immortal Man seems to be Mortal, but he hasteth to the place of Eternity where he arose, and wheeleth from one Tropick to another by an unceasing Labor, and Eternal Motion. The Wind of the Soul goeth towards the South, and turneth to the opposite side; it whirleth about continually, as upon seven Wheels, whether moved backward with Lucifer, and so remaining still: Or returning again according to its Circuits, as moved forward by the Divine Motion and Breath. All Humane Rivers run into the Ocean of Eternity, yet Eternity is never fill'd: Unto the place from whence the Rivers of Generation came, thither they return again. Some flowing hiddenly to the springing Fountain, and some abiding in the restless and tossed State in the Abyss.*

The Son of Man before his External Birth, was as it were taking his Rest, or a sweet Nap of Repose upon the Breasts of the Virgin his dear Mother, the holy Bride of God, who cometh down from God out of Heaven; And there the Eternal Soul was at Rest, until his Natural Parents waked him, and disturbed his Beatifical Visions: His Natural Parents lent for him into this outward Region, to see the Beauty of this fair World, and to receive the Salutation of a  
Joyful



Joyful Welcome thereinto : Who (as a Birth of Time out of the Matrice of Eternity) came very mean, simple and helpless into this lower Country, even as a most vile sprawling Worm, not bearing the least malice to the Creator, or any other Creature of the Creation : And lived a year, ten years, (or more; or perhaps a hundred years,) and then leaves all in great longing after some New Friends or Beloveds, which he had chosen to his Solace in this strange Land.

§ 7. *Fatal Necessity of the Soul's Being.*

**B**Y reason hereof, he goes back with an ill will towards his Antient home, and parts in great anguish and pain, and perhaps in that anguish and despair he Eternally abides; and that for following some Lusts, and pursuing some Pleasures, which he would fain solace his Mind with for a few years in this World, and never so much as considered that he must endure a thousand millions of painful years, in lieu of that little short pleasure, till the hour of Death, or rather the time of taking his leave of his Friends, being too late: And tho' truly the Light of the World be sweet, and tho' it be a pleasant thing for the Eyes to behold the Sun of Time, yet if a Man live many years, and rejoyce in them all, let him remember the Days of Darknes, for they shall be many: All that cometh is Vanity. Now then where lies the fault here?

Here ariseth a great Question : Is it any promoting of Gods Honour, Joy, or Profit, that Man must know Pain opposed to Pleasure, or be sensible of, and really feel in the Practick what Anguish and Torment is? I say, Doth this increase Gods Joy  
or

or Beatitude, and as it were perfect the Perfection of the perfect God?

Some may answer, No. But it was God's Will that it should be so: Well! Then there must be some Cause wherefore *God willed this Evil*: The Objector may reply, He doth all for his Glory: If so, He confesseth God torments his own Child for his own Glory.

### § 8. *Gods Repentance.*

**B**UT this is a Belying of the Deity, and of his Love to the Children of his own Loyns; and making of God an unnatural, cruel, fierce, wrathful Judge, or Executioner; yea, crueller than the Savages of the Desert, which love their own Issue; nay, than the very Devils of Hell. For, alas! It is no Glory nor' Pleasure at all to God, to hear that his own dear Children are imprisoned in an Eternal Wilderness, where they can never find the way to their Journey's End, their Creator: But he counts it a great Loss, and Dishonour and cause of Repentance (if we may use that Metaphor, that *God repenteth*) that when he views his Brides Room, and finds that his Children (each one with his Mate) are not returned to the Great and Solemn *Wedding* of his Son: He will say, Where are all my Children but these? It will be answered, They have listed themselves Soldiers under another Power, and *would not come.*

Here again we must be forced to frame another Metaphor, to speak or utter these high Mysteries with a humane Tongue: For no Grief can ever enter into God, nor the loss whereof may vex him, (if we speak properly) God perceiving that his Children

dren took not his Sons Counsel ; will, as it were, mourn for them a few days , and when the mourning Days shall be ended, He will consider that there is no Redemption out of the Jaws of Eternal Death, and and so he will for ever forget them.

*And so I considered in mine Heart even to declare all this, that tho' Mankind go forth from one Root, or Fountain-Ocean, yet the greatest part comes not back to the same Door or Gate of Enterance into their Antient Resting Place ; but enter in at a false Door by a gross mistake : And being once entred there, there is no Recovery, because they would not hearken to the Voice of Divine Wisdom and Skill.*

Therefore (in a humane sense) it is an Addition to God's Glory to see his dear Children returning to Heaven : (Oh ! what hearty and kind Embracing and Welcoming is here !) Their Ships laden with Divine Treasures, and carved with the Story of the Afflictions which happened to them in a strange Land.

*§.9. The same Event to all by allowance of God's Ballance.*

**T**He Righteous, and the Wise, and their Works, are in the hand of God, and weighed in the Ballance of Equity : No Man knoweth either Love or Hatred, Joy or Sorrow, and how it will be in the other World, by all that is before him in this World : All things come alike to all : There is one Event to the Righteous and to the Wick'd : God maketh the Sun and Rain to come upon the Just and Unjust : His Divine Sun enlightens every one that comes into this World ; both the Clean and the Unclean : Him that sacrificeth his Lusts, and him that sacrificeth not : Him that sweareth to Gods Covenant, and him that fears the Oath of Divine



Divine Allegiance, and him that forswears it

*This seems an evil among all things that are done under the Sun, that there is one Event unto all: Yea also the Heart of the Sons of Men is full of Evil; and Madneſs is in their Heart while they live, and after that they go to the Dead: For to him that is joyned to all the Living: in the holy World, there is hope in this Life-time for a living Dog, which may be cultivated by degrees, is better than a dead Lion. And the Living know that they ſhall dye the Eternal Death, if they cut themſelves off from the Root; But the Dead, who die the ſecond death, know not anything at all, but only pain; neither have they any more a reward from God, for the memory of them, when the Days of Mourning ſhall be paſt, is for ever forgotten. Alſo their Love, and their Hatred, and their Envy is ſo perished, that it can never hurt any of the Celeſtial Incolists: Neither have they any more a portion for ever in any thing that is done under the Sun of their Eternity, in the dark Center of their Abyſs.*

§. 10. *All alike Relieved by a Poor Wiſe Man.*

**S**O I returned and ſaw under the clear Sun of Divine Light, that the Race is not always to the Swift, nor the Battel to the Strong, nor yet Bread to the Skilful Tiller of the harſh Earth; nor yet Favour to Men of Skill: But Time and Chance happeneth to them all; and a wiſe Man diſcerneth both Time and Judgment. But a wiſe Man alſo knows not his time: As the Fiſhes that are taken in an evil Net and as the Birds that are caught in the Snare, ſo are the Sons of Men ſnared in an evil time, or Unlucky Hour of the Enemies temptation, when it falleth ſuddenly upon them, and that for want of Divine Skill and Wiſdom, with which whoever is endued, he cannot be cheated. *This wiſdom alſo have*

*I seen under the Sun, and it seemed great unto me: There was a little Microcosmick City, and few skilful Soldiers within it: And there came a great King against it, and by Authority from Lucifer besieged it, and built great Bulwarks against it: Now there was found in it a poor contemptible wise Man, and he by his Wisdom delivered the City, by giving his Life for the Inhabitants Yet no Man remembred that same poor servile Man. Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength: nevertheless the poor Mans Wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard. The Words of the Wise are heard in quiet, as a still pure Voice, more than the cry of a King that ruleth among Fools, and his lofty loud words in the streets of Confusion: Wisdom is better than Weapons of War: But one sin-ful Affection destroyeth much Good, and by its jarring spoils the still Harmony in the Humane Harp, even as one scabbed Sheep infects the whole Flock.*

## CHAP. II.

### The Souls Longing.

§ 1. *Crying, Give, Give.*

**V***anity of Vanities (saith the Soul's Spirit)*  
 All extern Objects are a vexation of my Spirit. Now O Man (*saith the Eternal Preacher* of the holy Gospel) Knowest thou what thy Soul, and what the Spirit of thy Soul is? The Soul is a dry Hunger; It is a longing Anguish: It is a Fire without Fewel: Lay thy hand upon thy Brest, and feel thy own Root the Heart, and then tell me, dost thou feel no panting there? No Breathing or  
 Long-

Longing there? No Hungring nor Thirsting there?  
 Art thou sensible of no Labour and Travail there?  
 No restless and incessant Crying there? Crying,  
 Give, give; O give me that which I labour for: O  
 give me that which I seek after; Even as every thing  
 would fain live, so would I: Thou wilt say, That's  
 the throbbing and motion of the Heart and Pulses,  
 proceeding from the Vital Spirit. Tho' that be true,  
 yet Life and Sense in Man, are rooted in the Abyss  
 of the Source of Eternal Joy and Delightful Affection  
 of a thing Loved: And that is the Soul, *who cries*  
*in the Gate of Mans Pallace,* Give me some Food, true  
 Food for me.

§. 2. *Seven-fold Craving.*

O Saith the Spirit of the Soul, Pity me, my dear  
 Soul: O pity a poor Prisoner: Bring me out  
 of this Dungeon of Confinement, enlarge my Habitation,  
 that I may find my late home again, and solace  
 my hankering eager Mind with my own dear  
 Family and Relations.

Oh have pity upon a poor Beggar; Give me a little  
 Food to satisfy a hungry craving Soul: O give me  
 a little Water out of the Living Fountain, to quench  
 the great thirst and furious fire of my Passion.

O have compassion upon a poor Pilgrim; shew me  
 the way to a quiet lodge of Repose: I want *the shadow*  
*of a great Rock in this weary Land:* I cannot take  
 a Nap of sweet sleep and refreshment in this parched  
 Heath: Here is no spreading Elm, nor Beech, nor  
 Fountain of Chrystal Streams, no warbling River,  
 beside which I may take my rest, to recreate my languishing  
 and tired Spirits. O come, dear Shepherd,  
 to seek thy roving Sheep: Call me again with thy

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Melodious Shepherds Pipe: I listen at times to hear it, but cannot: I dare not bleat my self, lest the Wolves hear me: O come, blessed Shepherd, and stand upon a high place, where thy Voice may be audible: *Come skipping upon these Mountains, and leaping upon the Hills* of my wandering Mind: For I am quite tired in this tedious Wilderness, O give Rest to my travailling weary Spirit: *O this is not my Rest.* O somebody have mercy upon a distracted Innocent, condemned by false Witnesses, to be confined as in *Bedlam*: I cannot set my heart at rest, because of a pannick Fear that seizeth upon me: *Oppression makes a wise Man mad*, and besides himself. O some Skillful Musician, come and refresh my Senses, and self-afflicting Conscience, with the Harmony of the holy Gospel, and the Melody of the blessed Tidings of Everlasting Serenity.

O who will pity a poor wounded and sick Person? Give me some heavenly Balm or Cordial, to heal my heavy heart, and to stop the raging of my Sore, and the swelling of my furious Agony: Break the sence that separates me from my desired Object.

O shew mercy to a poor naked Person: O I have been stripped naked in a Wilderness by Thieves and Murderers; they have whipped me, and smote me with sore Boils all over: As Lions they have broken and crushed my Bones: O somebody cloath me with the Robes of Purity, and white Linnen of Sanctity; to cover the Nakedness of my Lustful Affections and Longing Mind.

O Pity a poor Slave, a Servant of Servants, a condemned Person: Redeem me from under the Captivity of *Lucifer*, and raise my drooping Life into the Heaven of Everlasting Safety, and Undisturbed Quietness: O give some Fuel to feed the Coals of  
my

my aspiring Love, that it may blaze in a holy Flame of Divine Light.

§. 3. *The Soul's Importunity.*

**T**O these Demands the Soul Answers, Trouble me not : Get thee gone, and come another time ; when I shall have convenient opportunity, I will take thy condition into Consideration. I will not be gone, saith the Spirit : Now is my time ; I will not be put off so : Be gone, saith the Serpentine Soul, I have nothing for thee : Go work and earn it where thou canst get it : Whence comest thou ? O saith the Divine Spirit of the Soul, I have been wandering and travailing upon the Mountains on thy Errand ; I have not been idle : Think not that I am come to put a Trick upon thee, as to beg of thee an Alms for the maintaining of my self in Idleness. Go, saith the Soul to thy vagabond Companions : *Thou art a Spy, coming to see the Nakedness of the Land.* I am no Spy, saith the Soul's Spirit ; I am in great necessity, and that not for my own sake, but for the sake of others.

Who is there in the House, saith the Soul ? One of the Handmaids answers and saith, What wilt thou have me to do, to this Disturber of our Peace and Enjoyments ? Go, saith the Soul, and give him some of these Orts, the Refuse of vain Pleasures. When these are proffered to the Spirit, he saith, (utterly refusing them) Take them your selves, I will not meddle with it : I must have some true Food, or none at all. Nay, saith the Soul, if thou art so sawcy a Beggar, and so wanton, want thou shalt for me. Sayest thou so ? saith the Divine Spirit ; Is it come  
to



to that? Must I now *be a Gleaner*? And yet *would* *gain taste* and eat *the best ripe Grapes*. O give me some of your Superfluities. A little pittance of what you throw away to the Infernal Dogs, would be greatly prized by me, and relish as a sweet Morfel: O give me some. No, no, saith the Soul, go and get where thou canst. Is it thus you requite me, saith the Spirit? It is by my Labour and Procurement that you enjoy all your Pleasures. And I desire a part: Either procure some for me, or suffer me to go to fetch some, my self; or I will never leave *complaining in thy Streets*. Lay therefore thy hand on thy heart, and give some to this Beggar, and I will be gone: And I will never trouble, vex, nor worry thee any more: I will be quiet, and gone to my Place and Lot: Thou shalt have quiet for me: Give me my desire and I have done: Thou shalt hear no more of my murmurs, my tormenting and pricking of thy Conscience. Get thee gone quickly, saith the Serpent, thou art a sturdy bold brazen-fac'd Beggar, let me alone. Nay, saith the Soul's Spirit, I will never stir, I will not be gone: I will never let thee alone, until I have the Alms I seek: I am so sturdy I will not be deny'd: I am fully resolved, I never will cease vexing of thee, till I have my Desire: Therefore I pray consider of it. Take this Fellow, saith the Soul to one of his Servants, *Bind him hand and foot*; strike the Conscience dumb, we will not be controuled by it. The Oppressed Spirit still *Cries and Moans in the Gates of Mans City*: Cease, saith the Soul; What is all this Clamour for? Let us have no more Noise: Be packing, thou impudent Bawler, and disturb not our sweet sleep and quiet Rest, our present Joys and Recreations. I will not give over, saith he, if I bring my Blood upon thee,  
I will

I will never cease, though you slay me: I am so importunate and impudent, that I will never stir a foot from this place, till I have my Errand: My words shall break thy Rest: My Words shall be as Goads and Nails in thy side, *Clenched by the chief Architects and Masters of the Assemblies*: I will prick and vex thee in thy Conscience everlastingly, until I have my desire: But if thou grant me my *Divine Object*, I will deal so fair, that in token of gratitude I will give thee a Vantage of *Temporal Joys added unto thee*. If first thou allowest me my desire, do what thou wilt: Enjoy Temporal Pleasures freely, It shall not be imputed a Violation of Gods Law, and the *Righteousness* thereof.

§. 4. *He Desireth some Real Thing.*

**B**UT to what shall I compare this Cry in the Soul? The Soul is like a Child that cannot speak, even as a *Lamb dumb before the Butcher, his Voice is not heard in the Street of Mans City*; *He is afflicted and grieved, and yet opens not his Mouth*: I say, The Soul's Spirit is like a poor afflicted sickly Child, that can nothing but jabber a little: The poor Child repines, murmurs, whines and grumbles; and is still discontented: Give him what you will, yet still he hath the same tone: Then the Mother or Nurse asks, What dost thou lack, my dear Child? O that I knew thy want! Come, my sweet Child, my poor sick Child, we will make thee a well-relish'd Dish: No, no, saith the Child, in effect, making Signs by the Aversion of his head. Wilt thou have this sine Rattle to play with? No. I will sing thee a sweet Lullaby: No. Will nothing in this World we can procure or do for thee, please thee? My sweet Babe

art very hard to please, and humour some: All we can do for this Child, is to no purpose: O that some skilful Body would come and direct us: For we are at our Wits end, because of this Child, it is past our Skill to humour it.

Am I so hard to please: (saith the Child, if he could speak) Yes, saith the Nurse, thou knowest not thy own Mind. Do I not, saith the Child, in his Mind: I want none of those fine things you would put me off with: I want no Lullaby, I want Ease and Quietness: I would fast some small time from those false Delights which was the cause of my Malady: I want Ease: O ease me of this pain, and then I will be quiet, and not before.

Therefore hereby All know very well what it is the Soul would have, and what it seeks after, that is, Food, Fewel, and Satisfaction for its fiery longing Hunger: Which if it hath, it will be satisfied, and not till then. The fire longs for the Light: If it burns in secret, it is in pain and in anguish. *All things are full of Labour: Man especially cannot utter his own Labour, and travail of his Soul: The Eye of the Mind is not satisfied with seeing Vanity: Nor the Ear of the Spirit filled with hearing Childish Rattles: Therefore Vanity of Vanities, (saith the first and last Preacher) Vanities of Vanities, all is Vanity, whatever it is, tho' seemingly pleasant, which refresheth not the Spirit of the Soul.*

§. 5. *It is no Whimsy.*

**A** Gain, The Soul is like the Horse-Leech: It hath two Daughters, crying, Give, Give: There are three things that are never satisfied, yea Four, that never say, It is enough: The Grave of Devouring Hell,



Hell, in which every Soul that entreth is Eternally Lost, and then gapeth for more Souls: *And the barren unsatisfied Womb* of a false Virgin, which receiveth without Conception: *And the Fire* of false Lust, *which never saith, No more, it is enough*: And lastly, The Soul *which is not filled* with Vanity. But O Man, if thou findest in thy self that thou longest for nothing, that thou hast all things according to thy wish, as thou wouldst have it to be; and that thou art fortunate in every accident that happens to thee, and that nothing crosseth thy Mind; that thou art content in whatsoever state thou art; that thou never vexest nor tormentest thy self in Prosperity or Adversity; and that thy Soul takes all Accidents for Good, having framed it self to receive all things in good part, then it hath attained its desire, and the Longing ceaseth.

Thou wilt say, My Soul is not in that Frame: My Soul within me is always wanting and craving, and very hard to please: It knows not what it would have: It wills, and it wills not. Am I so humour-some? saith the Soul: Well might I deserve the blame, if I were like one mad or frantick, (as if one longed for the Kings Crown, to which one can claim no Title, seeming to be possessed with a strange fury) or if I were like a Childing Woman, longing for things unprocurable for money: Even as a who-rish Deceiver, being pregnant of a false Essence, longeth for strange Properties, which endangers the Soul: But I desire that which desires me, and cries, O my dear Companion, come and receive me: for I stand here very lonesome in a solitary condition, except some Soul pity me, and entertain me: If I longed for far-fetched Treasures, and dear-bought bought Sawces and Jewels procured by the Blood of  
 C 4 others,

others, which all hazard the Eternal Life; there would be some colour for blaming me: But that which I long for, is easily procured, and (if not too much slighted and neglected at first) obtained without wracking Labour and Care.

Now perhaps you will mock me, and impute this my Longing to a scollish Fancy; and say to me in scorn: Ah ha! But I defie your Reproaches: Give me my Desire, or I will vex and worry you for evermore: Now I am come as a Sojourner to view this outward World: But I will not partake of your false Joys, and count them a satisfaction of my mind: For *all is a Vexation of my Spirit*. If you will not give me Food for my Hunger, (mark well) I will be glutted like an Horse-Leech with the Blood of humane Souls, to Eternity; and then I will vomit up all again, as previous to a fresh thirst after Blood.

I was born crying when I came first into this World, and that makes it manifest that I longed to go back again to lean upon my Virgin-Mothers sweet Breasts: I cried, *Give, give*; O give me some of my Virgin-Milk.

Here may seem an Objection to lie in the wny: Whimsie of Whimsies, (saith the vain Atheist) *Vanity of Vanities, All is a Whim*, whatever checketh the Soul, and is a *Vexation* to his lustful Spirit. What is the Voice in the Conscience which opposeth the Humane Lust, but a *Vain Whimsie*, which the Beasts are not sensible of? Therefore Man by his Sensibility, and being immoderately affected with a vain Fancy, degradeth himself below a Beast, and sensual Animal: And see now what his witty and wise conceit hath brought him to: So that he cannot enjoy all sorts of pleasure at his Liberty, without being controuled by a Consciential Whimsy: Let him thank himself for his Folly.

§. 6. *Atheists Objections Answered.*

**N**OW, *Who is the Wise Man? And who knows the Interpretation of the Souls Enigmatical Mystry? And who can search out that which is far off, and exceeding deep? Who can discover the Devices and Intrigues of the Harlot, the Souls Enemy?*

*Wisdom makes the Face to shine. And the boldness of the Countenance shall be changed,* by which means the Divine Virgin, the Souls Friend, will be enamoured with him, and invited to love him: But he that is wilfully blind in a foolish Passion of false Love, hates the Light of the blessed Sun, in the Virgins Beautiful Face: And why doth Darkness hate the Light? Why cannot Obscurity endure the splendid Rays of Beauty? Perhaps it fears, lest the Light should inspire it, and so it should become Fantastical, or possessed with an Enthusiastick Fury.

*Object.* Here the Atheist encounters with me, saying, What is this whole World but a Stage? The Actors are Mankind:

*When the Play's ended, the Stage down they fling,  
And then there is no difference in this thing,  
Between a Beggar and a King.*

(As saith the Poet.)

*Answer.* Then if it be a Stage, it represents some Actions that are really done, or that were and will be acted in a real Substance, in one of the two Eternal Worlds.

But still he will object, saying, Death is Nothing, and after Death there will be Nothing: And who but a Fool, will be afraid of Nothing? What is  
Heaven

Heaven but a sublime Fancy? What is Hell but a Child-frighting Bugbear? A Whim-*Chimera*, built by the Phantasia in the Air of Darkneſs, and huddled up in the Chaos or Hoil of Nihility. Ye that believe Immortality, rid away the Hag of your Fancy, which Night-Mareth your Souls: Send her packing to the Hell of Silence, and the Grave of Non-entity.

*Anſw.* There was a Man asked what Life was? The other returned an Answer Answerleſs; for preſently he turned his back and went away: As much as if he had ſaid, If thou knoweſt not experimentally thy own Death and Life, it is not a matter of Diſcourſe; therefore he by his removing from his place, did actually define what Life was: *The Fool ſaith in his heart, and wiſheth, There were no God: But he believeth not ſo in his Heart: For tho' he tells you ſo in the day time, yet by night he doubteth.*

#### § 7. *By Humane Laws.*

**B**UT the Atheiſt affirms, *Cum propeſerunt primis Animalia terris, &c.* There was a time when Humane Animals, as a mute and filthy Cattle, crept upon the Earth, and wandred like Beaſts, the ſtronger driving the weaker out of his Cave: Fighting with their Claws and Fiſts, until afterwards Uſe and Art invented the framing of Weapons.

After wandring they came into Society: And then invented Articulate Sounds, to diſcover the meaning of their Minds to one another; and ſo Reaſon taught them to abſtain from fighting about their Food, and from ſnatching, as Bulls or Dogs, an uncertain Concubine one from the other.

Then they invented the Marking out their Minds by Images upon Tables, and made Law to diſtinguiſh

guish every Mans Propriety from another. But those Laws being not able to Bridle them, they at last invented, there was a Just Eye in secret that observed every Unjust Action : That so they might be afraid to steal, or commit Fornication.

*Answ.* That God made Man upright, and that Man found out many Inventions; part of which was the Languages now extant we acknowledge: But withal we affirm, That the first Language was a Natural Mental Speech. Let such an Atheist read History: For he shall find there is no History that shews the Manners of any People, but it shews also, or gives a hint of their Religion. The Voice of every Animal likewise, calling to the Lord of Nature, when any sudden fear seizeth upon them, proves a Superiour Power.

There was one told his Friend, That when he was young he thought there was no Hell in the Conscience; but now being old, he began to doubt, what if there be one?

Now seeing the Atheist pleads, That as the Flame of an Extinguished Candle dissolves and loseth it self in the Circumambient Air, even so the Taper of Life vanisheth into pure *Aether*, and is no more, when the Law of Union of Body and Soul is violated and broken. *Second Spira.*

*Answ.* Here some Atheist may perhaps acknowledge (as Reason will force any one that hath common Sense) that there is a First Mover: Which is demonstrated in all things: So many Fountains from one Trunk or Bole, which is the Ocean: So many Branches from one Root: So many Members receiving a Radical Life from one Heart; so many Stars receiving Light from one Fountain of Light, the Sun.

But



But seeing he will not acknowledge that God will be so cruel to be the Cause of an Everlasting Hell to the Soul of Man, I acknowledge the same thing: Yet there is a Hell, and that Eternally. For if it were not so, Man would have destroyed the whole Creation ere this time, (in which there is such an excellent Order, and sympathetical Harmony between Superiours and Inferiours, between Bodies and their Spirits) and rifled the Closet of him that sits Eternally upon the Fire, the Root of every Being. As God made all Visibies of Nothing, or rather out of his own invisible Essence: So thou, O Chymical Atheist, makest of the whole nothing.

§ 8. *By Religion and Dreams.*

**A**gain, The Atheist asserteth, That Pride and Humility are but one thing, only they differ a little in Circumstances: For Pride looks upon all its desired Accomplishments to be behind it: Humility expects its Perfections as being before it, not yet attained: And so Humility is a kind of Pride; saying to it self, Thou shalt be advanced to Honour some time or other.

*Ans.* But let him know that right Honour is an Advancement of Love: For in Heaven there is not the least desire of Revenge: As may be seen in the Son of God himself, than whom none is more Honourable, yet He is that which helpeth and saveth Nature, which is gone out of its Order, and becomes a Servant of Servants, stooping to Death for the sake of Mankind. The Babe is greatest in Heaven.

But Honour that rigorously ruleth by Force is no Honour: He is not long feared, that is not always loved. It is true, God alone by his Power must keep up the Wall and Fence of the Gulf between  
the

the two Natures, to keep them in Harmony, which Harmony he himself is in the Abstract : Or else the Fire of Hell would break in, and destroy the being of the first Essence in the Love-World, which was without beginning.

But the Atheist yet imagines that because he dreams of frightful things, and the Idea's that he hath of them impress afflicting Resentments upon his Spirits, as if they were real ; but when he awakes he saith all vanishes. *Second Spira.*

*Ans.* We will suppose a Man in a terrible Melancholick Dream, and that the said man should Eternally remain in that Condition, wherein the Soul is as really disturbed, frighted, and put out of Harmony, as if he had been awake.

That is, The Fright that he is assaulted with, is real to the Imagination of the Soul, as may be perceived that it many times trembles, and continues in a trembling posture after waking a long time. Now you will say all vanishes, and passeth into Silence, when the Soul recovers it self by the outward Senses.

*Ans.* But suppose it had no such recourse, as to seiz upon the Body and wake it when it is so exceedingly affrighted, to rid it self out of the supposed imminent Danger.

Suppose it were then in the Sleep of Death, and the Body will not be waked ; where shall the Body seek shelter then ? The temporal Sleep being a true figure of Death, even the first Death, or sleep of the Body in the Grave.

And as the Soul is sensible of a real Joy or Sorrow in Dreams and Visions : So also in Death why may not it feel the same ? Seeing the Soul by its creative Imagination frames either an Heaven or Hell to it self, and is really sensible thereof, without the use  
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of the material Organs, while the Body is incapable of Sense in sleep ; or, which is all one, dead to the Natural Functions of the External *Sensoriums*.

So that it is very clear and plain against all Atheistical Deniers of the Souls Immortality, even an Eternal Testimony for Gods being, and the Souls everlasting abode either in Life, or in feeling Deaths Property, called Pain or Hell ; that there is no material thing that can hurt or afflict the Soul, either in Sleep or Death, but only its own Imagination or *Turba*, which the Worm of the Soul causeth.

Thus in Dreams, the Passion wherewith the Soul is affected, seems a Shadow of a Fancy after waking : So the matter of this outward World seems (and is indeed nothing more than) a Shadow, in respect of the two Real, Substantial, Eternal Worlds. For when this World was made, or rather New-modelled or formed, yet *there was no new matter under the Eternal Sun.*

§. 9. *By Love's Passion.*

**A**gain, The Atheist objecteth, The Irrational Animals dream as well as Man : And therefore the Phantacy that fancieth Images in sleep, is Temporary.

*Ans.* In the Creation of the World, *there was no new thing done*, but what was done in the Eternal Mystery before, in the Nonage of Time : And all Created Beings will eternally abide in the Figure and Shadow : Yet in the Stilness : For when we say Beasts have no immortal *Souls*, it must be meant they enter back again, or *downwards*, into the Root of their First Constitution.

That is, Though they are now out of their first Order,



Order, yet the Breach thereof shall not be imputed to them, because it was not their Fault but Mans, and they sprung forth *each according to his kind*, or Eternal Property in the Seed of their Souls of Life, so they shall be manifest Eternally in the same.

But the Atheist objecteth still, That the Conceit of the Soul is very deceitful, and as unconstant as *Proteus*. For if the Mind strongly conceits a Heaven to it self, the Mystery of the same conceit unknown, makes an intension of its Heaven: We often see that Love after Marriage grows Languid: Whereas the same Love before the Enjoyment of its wished Object, was so elevated and wrapt up in the said Object, that it counted the same a seeming Heaven. But many times two Lovers (who have attained to the Blossom of the Tincture of *Venus*.) infect one another by their burning Lust, so that they become Deadly Enemies, even these very same Persons, who were ready to impart the Heart within them one to the other, if it could be done without Death.

And tho' sometimes the Complexion of others are more Noble, and still some Love remains, yet it is not always so pure and faithful as the first. As may be seen by Experience, that many in Wedlock hunt after Whoredom and wandring Beds, more than they did when in a single state.

*Answer.* The Original of Love and Propagation proceedeth from the hiddenness of the Virgin: All things grasp after the Virgin; and that made the Spirit of this World grasp and reach after Man, because he found the Virgin in Man before the Fall. And when a young Man loves a Maid, he thinks to find the Virgin in the said Maid; but when he Unites with her, and toucheth the Tincture of *Venus*, but cannot

cannot get the Virgin in his Possession, then followeth a less Esteem of the Felicity which he thought to find in her.

§. 10. *By the Seven Properties.*

**S**AY what you will (saith the Atheist) He that hath Skill to rule his own Spirit, may draw his Affections and Fancy to what Object he pleaseth.

*Ans.* Ask thy own Mind, why will not it give over Imagination, and lie in Silence? Ask a Mad-man why he will not stop the Wheel of his Mind, that rolleth about too violently? Ask a Man why he will not in sleep dream of Comedies? And enquire whether any of these *have power over this Spirit of Phantasy, to retain the Spirit* by his own Power.

It is true both in the Light and in the Wrath-World, which soever of the Seven Properties are predominant in the seven-fold Wheel of the Eternal Mind, that will by and by be lowermost: But in the Love-Kingdom one Property desireth not to expel the rest out of the Harmony, or to move and turn the Wheels backward.

This is demonstrated in all things, especially in Musick: For tho' there be infinite Varieties of Notes and Tunes, according to the Altering and Transposings of the seven Sounds, yet (tho' the Saturnine or Martial String may be predominant) while an Instrument is dexterously handled, the rest by a secret sympathy will bind them in a Melodious Harmony.

And this is also observable, That the end of a Tune hath some Resemblance to the beginning thereof; to shew that when the Harmony of the Sphears or Stars of Time shall find its beginning again, then will it be swallowed up in an Eternal Consort of the Properties: Excepting those Essences  
who

who have spoiled their Materials, or rather changed the form of their Breasts, according to the Pattern of which the Instrument is to be tuned.

It may also be seen in the Variety of other Sensibles : For in taste there are many thousand Varieties, yet if the seven Properties be rightly and artificially mixed, tho' the Saturnine property be predominant, yet the other Properties will bind it in an equal Accord : The like is understood of other qualities, too tedious to enumerate.

Thus by what hath been said, it is clear that a terrible *Dream comes from the multitude of vain Business* ; and a Fool in his Eternal Melancholly Fit of Anguish, sores in a deep sleep of Despair, and sees horrid Spectrums that imposeth real Punishment upon his Soul, according to his Lot and Degree.

And to answer the aforesaid Objection, it is confessed that when a Man is in love with a Maid : (the Object engaged to his Noblest Passion, her Idea being as it were stamped upon his Spirit with the Character of Sympathy) Tho' you profer him another Maid far more worthy in Beauty and Nobility than the former, yet none will content his Fancy, or stop the current of his Passion, but the Enjoyment of her, (to whose Service he was made Votary before) or Death.

Even so the Soul being in love, and enamoured with his fair Virgin, though you proffer him all the External Joys and Pleasures that the World can afford, yet the Soul doth slight all, and condemn them in comparison of the Virgins Love.

*Ans.* Tho' this External Love hath some Analogy (if it be pure and Faithful) to the love between the Soul and Gods pure Virgin ; yet there is a difference between the Phantacy and Imagination, in

its pursuit after divers Objects: The Object makes the Difference: For if the Soul takes a Shadow for a Substance, there's the Deceit, and the great Error. And so as one said, (*Ow. Epigr.*) *If chaste true Love be accounted the greatest Terrestrial Happiness, what may we suppose Celestial Love to be!*

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## CH A P. III.

### The Souls Allegiance.

#### §. 1. *There is a Divine Law.*

**N**OW the Question is, Whether the Soul be left loose or dissolute, to do that which is right in the sight of his own Eyes, not subject to a Law, not enjoyned to obey his King by an Oath of Allegiance, and so left open to hostile Powers, who may allure him and draw him to the Traps of headlong Ruine and Destruction: And by this means Religion may degenerate into Scepticism.

*Ans.* It must be confessed, There is a *Perfect Law of Liberty*; but it is in subjection to Gods Spirit in Love, not by a slavish Fear. For instance, A little Child before he can go, must be under Guardians, and not permitted to creep where he will: But when he is so educated that he knows how to comply to the beck of his Guardian or Tutor, he is let loose to go where he will; and yet he will not do what his Tutor hath forbidden him, if he be of a pli-

a pliable Disposition; especially having had experience of the Crofness of another Tutor or Master : Tho' our Ancestor went beyond his Bounds in a like Case.

Again, Here ariseth a great Question, Where lieth the great Mistake, that many a Soul must wander *as a Fugitive*, and never find a Lodge of quiet Repose ? Is there a Counter-Law in Eternity, that forbids him to find Ease ?

O no : The Antient Law of Eternity doth strictly command the Soul to give the Souls Spirit the thing that he longs after ; the Object that he earnestly desireth.

There never was any other Law in Eternity, nor ever will any be repugnant to this : Feed on the Tree of Eternal Joy, and pure pleasant Life : *Thou mayest eat of all the fair and pleasant Trees in the Garden of Eternal Delight : Yea, thou must eat of them : But touch not the Tree of Pain*, opposed to *Pleasure*, upon penalty of *feeling* Pain without end, or of entering into the Property of *Death* ; that is, Thou shalt not have thy Liberty to choose an altering of that painful property by reason of thy own false Tincture, which had tinctured the Souls Spirit, and fermented it by a false Leaven, into that Nature which is contrary to its first Creation.

S. 2. *It altereth not.*

**O** Bserve therefore, O Man, what I say : *I the Truth, the Eternal Preacher, By searching have found out and know that whatsoever God doth, it shall be for ever : The same Commandment still remains unalterable : Nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it : And God doth it, that Men, his Off-spring,*  
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*should*



*should fear before him, and love him. That Law which hath been in the Angelical Republick, is now in the Humane Commonwealth: And that which is to be after the End of the humane Judgment, hath already been, before Mans Creation: And God requireth, and will at the great Assizes require an account of that which is past; if done contrary to the old Law, for he requires that it for ever continue the same.*

*And God doth this, that all his Generation, Angels and Men may by an awful Obedience take an Eternal Oath of Allegiance and Submission to his Law, that altereth not, and make an Everlasting Covenant with him, and love him.*

*Therefore I counsel thee, O Man, my Brother, to keep the King's Commandment; even my Law, and that in regard of the Eternal Oath of God: Be not hasty to fly away. and sneak as a Fugitive out of my sight; and stand not in an evil thing. For a King doth whatsoever pleaseth him: Therefore bring thy Deeds to the Light, that they may be discerned: Where the Word and Law of a Lawfully succeeding King is, there is Power: And who may say unto him, What doest thou? Or why hast thou appointed me to be a Vessel of Wrath? Nay, None hath power to call him to question, tho he hath been the occasion of his Subjects Rebellion, and then torment them for Rebelling: Which is an unjust thing: Yet it is not to be supposed that the right King of Kings, (who is Justice it self) can or will do such injustice: Who so keepeth the Kings Commandment shall feel no evil thing. And a wise Mans Heart by Wisdom and Divine Skill, discerneth both Time and Judgment: Both when and how he must act, according to the Unalterable Law.*

*And because to every purpose there is Time and Judgment, therefore the misery of many a Man is great upon him;*



him; for he knoweth not that which shall be; and who can tell him when it shall be, if he himself hath not Skill?

§. 3. Yet it is inverted by Man.

**M**oreover, I saw under the Sun of Time and Vanity, the Place of Judgment, that Wickedness was there: That there is a time wherein one ruleth over another, even his lawful King, to his own hurt: I saw also the place of Rightousness, which ought to be Righteous, that Iniquity was there; that Servants were put upon Horses, and Princes of the Noble Royal Blood, even of the pure Seed in the Conscience, walking in the form of Servants upon the humane Earth: And so Folly (I have seen) was sit in great dignity, and the Rich, Free, and Right Honourable, sit waiting upon them in a low place, as a Gleaner or Beggar: Which is an evil that I have seen, as an Error that proceedeth from the Ruler of an humane City, who succeeded not as a lawful Heir to the Kingdom.

O my Soul, come not thou into the secret Plots of such as these; unto their Assembly and Cabal, O mine Honour, be not thou united: Neither do thou, O Noble Soul of Man, be privy to their Treachery and Treason. For in their anger they slew the right Seed, and Gods Image, and in their self-will, like Lucifer, they would dig down the Wall of Heaven: Cursed be their Anger, for it is force, and unfit for the Holy Heaven; and their Wrath, let it be for ever separated from the Divine Order and Harmony, for it is Cruel and wild: I will divide them in Eden, and scatter them in Paradise.

§. 4. *But it must be Observed.*

**I** *Said in my heart* (when I saw this breaking of the Antient Law in the place of Judgment) *God by Christ shall judge the Righteous and the Wicked, and put each one in their due place and station: For there is allowed a time for every purpose, and for every work, to prevent the Sentence of Condemnation.* Therefore, O Man, *keep thy foot* (When thou goest to the Temple of God) *from stumbling: And be more ready to hear his Law from the Mouth of his Messenger, than to give the sacrifice of fools, who sacrifice the Lord of Glory the Holy seed to their false Lusts: For they consider not that they do evil. Be not rash with thy mouth to add any thing; and let not thy heart be hasty to utter any new Commentary upon the Ancient Law of God: For God is still the same in the unchangeable Heaven, and thou upon the corrupted Earth; therefore let thy Commentaries and words be few.*

For a *Dream comes through the multitude of Business in Vanity: And a fools Voice is known by multitude of words: When thou vowest a Vow to God defer not to pay that which thou hast vowed: Better it is that thou hadst never been born an humane Being, to vow the Vow of necessary Obedience to God, than that thou shouldst become such an Essence, and not pay thy Vow. Suffer not thy mouth to cause thy flesh to sin, not performing the Oath of thy Covenant: Neither say thou before thy Angel-Guardian, the Witness of all that thou doest, that it was a foolish Error, and I am sorry that ever I was born, to make a Vow to be broken by deliberation.*

*Wherefore should God be angry at thy Voice, and destroy the Work of thy plotting Hands? For in the multitude*

*titude of Whimsies, Images of Fancies, and many Vain Words, there are also divers Vanities : But be thou wise and fear God.*

*§. 5. To indulge the Good Genius : The Injunction.*

**M**oreover, O Man, consider by all this, that there is a strict Obligation laid upon thee (if thou be'st born a Man, the Son of God's Loins) and a meer Necessity put upon the Soul, that he must do what in him lies, to promote the Joy and Pleasure of his Mind : *For an Heavenly Feast is purposely made for his Eternal Solace ; Cœlestial Nectar and Fruit of the pure Vine is appointed to make thy heart everlastingly merry.*

Gods Virgin hath told thee so in the Prophecy which she taught thee, as soon as thou wast born, saying, *What my Son ? And what the Son of my Womb ? And what the Son of my Vows ? Give not thy Strength and Purity to Whorish Women : Nor thy Ways to that which destroyeth the Royal Offspring : It is not for Kings, O Man-King, it is not for Kings to drink the Gall and Poyson of Wine, which intoxicates the Senses : Nor for Princes of the Divine Monarchy to drink that which inebriates the Brain, and causeth Pain in the Bowels : Lest they drink and forget the Ancient Unalterable Law, and pervert the Judgment of the Afflicted, who bears the Form of a Servant in the humane Gate.*

*Give this intoxicating Drink to him that is ready to perish in Eternal Misery : And the Wine of Spewing and Ebriety to them that have heavy Hearts in the hellish Chambers : Let them drink and forget their Poverty, and want of the means of Refreshment, and let them try whether by Guzling and Tipling they may remember their Misery no more.*

But swim thou, O Man, (this is the Injunction) in Rivers of Pleasures, and Chrystaline streams of Nectar: Yet thou art forbidden upon pain of Eternal Death, (or an Imprisonment in Deaths Bonds during the Life of thy Eternity) to drink of the sour harsh property of Pain opposed to Pleasure, or of the Poyson of the Creation, which will cause a Commotion in thy griping Bowels, and a Rebellion of one Property against another in thy disturbed Conscience, that thou shalt never feel Ease and Refreshment.

*Rejoyce, O Man, therefore, and continue young Eternally: And let thy Heart cheer thee in the Endless days of thy renovated Youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine Eyes, affording to thy Soul his Will and Desire, all that which he longs after: But know thou that for all these things God will bring thee to Judgment, to clear or condemn thee; yea, and if thou neglectest this, to banish thee for ever to thy own desired Country, where Pain is known.*

§. 6. *It is no indifferent thing.*

**T**herefore remove sorrow from thy Heart, and put away evil and pain from thy flesh: for the Childhood of Folly and fading Youth are Vanity, and the source of Death.

*Be not Righteous over-much, and wise in thy own Conceit, thinking thou canst find a place of Superi-ty above this Heavenly Joy: Why shouldst thou destroy and cast thy self into an Abyss of never attaining thy aim? Be not over-much wicked, having treacherous thoughts in thee that thou mayest Dethrone God: Neither be too foolish, in not apprehending the way and means of satisfying the Soul: Why shouldst*

*shouldst thou dye before the appointed time? For thou wast never appointed to die, except thou drawest Death upon thee, and swallow up thy self by thy babbling, and foolish self-accusation in thy accusing Conscience.*

*It is good thou shouldst take hold of this Counsel: Yea, also from this Obedience withdraw not thy Hand: For he that feareth and loveth God's Law, shall come forth out of all the foresaid dangers.*

Now observe, It is no indifferent thing, this Law must be fully obeyed, that is, thou must afford all the delight and Pleasure to thy Soul, that he is capable of.

*There is nothing better for thee, than that thou shouldst eat of the Tree of Life, and drink the Wine of Pleasure, and play in the Cœlestial Dance, and fill thy Soul, and make him enjoy good in thy Labour: This is the Ancient Unalterable Law, which will continue to all Eternity: This also I saw, that it was from the Hand of God to do thus: For who can eat and drink, and sport in this Angelical Scene, And who else can hasten hereunto more than I, who am nearest to God? For God giveth a Man that is good in his sight, Wisdom and Knowledge, and Joy: But to the Sinner against this old Law, he giveth Travel, to gather, and heap up, that he may provide for, and give to him that is good before God; but he shall never reap the Fruit of his Labour, because he had not the Fear of God before his Eyes, when he plotted to undermine him,*

§. 7. *Mans Portion from God.*

**B**ELIEVE it, O Man, I know there is no good in all thy Labour, except thou dost rejoyce, and do good in thy Life, and enjoy the Fruits of thy Travail: This  
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*is the Gift of God: And this is thy Portion which God hath appointed thee, and every man: If thou dost not so, who will deliver thee out of the Jaws of Death to see what Pleasures shall be after thee in the next World?*

*This is a sore Evil which I have seen under the Sun of Time and Vanity, namely Treasures and Riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt: But those Riches perish by evil Travel: And he begetteth a Son or Fool like himself (in his own Metamorphosed Form, whereinto his Soul by Transmigration doth enter:) And he carrieth nothing in his Hand to the Infernal Shades: As he came forth out of his Infernal Mothers Womb, or the Original Matrix and cause of every Property, Naked shall he return or go as he came, and shall take nothing of his foolish Labour, and hunting after Vanity, which he may carry away in his Hand: And this also is a sore Evil that it must be thus: God cannot be blamed: That in all Points as he came, having nothing of his own but what God gave him, so shall he go again with his empty Vessel: And what Profit hath he that hath laboured for the Wind? And will Eternally Labour, and yet find nought but a Shadow of Vanity.*

*All his Days also he eateth in Darkness, and he shall have much Sorrow, and Wrath, with never-ceasing Pain and Sicknes.*

*Behold that which I have seen: It is good and comely for one to Eat and Drink in true Pleasure, and to enjoy the Delights of Humane Life, and the good of his Labour that he taketh under the Sun of his Lot, all the days of his Eternity which God gives him for his Right and Propriety: For it is his Portion: For he shall not lay to Heart the Days of his Affliction: Because God answereth him in the Joy of his Heart.*

*There*



*There is an Evil which I have seen below the Sun of Purity, and is common among Men: A Man to whom God hath given Riches and Honour, so that he wanteth nothing for his Soul of all that he desireth, Yet (because of his evil Mind) God gives him not Power to eat thereof, and enjoy the Fruit of his Labour, but a Stranger eateth of it: This is a sore Vanity and an evil Disease.*

§. 8. *The Fool neglecteth.*

**I***F a Man beget an hundred Images of his evil Mind, and live many Tears, so that the days of his Tears be many, and yet his Soul be not filled with good, and also that he have no Burial, but that he be left as a Carcass for the Dæmons of the Power of the Air, I say that an untimely Birth is better than he, as being cut off in the Bud.*

*For this Embryo cometh in with Vanity, and departeth in Darknes, and his Name shall be covered with Darknes, and never known in the light of Life: Moreover He hath not seen the Sun of Vanity, nor known any Opposition of the Properties: This hath more rest than the other. Yea though this other live a thousand Years twice told: Yet hath he seen no Good: So as to find Satisfaction: Do not all such as these go to the same Place at last? All the Labour of Man is for his Mouth, for the Preservation of the Individuum, and the Propagation of the Species, and yet the Appetite of the Fool is never filled.*

*For what hath the Wise Conceited more than the Fool? What hath the Poor and Vagabond Beggar, that saith, he knoweth how to walk before the Living? Better is the sight of the Eyes, and real Enjoyment of the thing longed for, then the Vagabond-wandering of the*

*the Desire: This is Vanity and a grievous Vexation of the Spirit of the Soul. That which hath been, is named already: And it is known, that it is Man, who is the second Angel: Neither may he contend, as Lucifer did, with the Deity who is mightier than he, and Cross the natural Inclination of his Soul, by forcing it to change it into the contrary Property, and so to desire an Opposition of both. Seeing that there be many things that increase Vanity, which is no real Felicity to the Soul, what is Man the better, if he try the false Tree and Poyson himself as Lucifer?*

*For what Fool knoweth what is good for Mans Perfection in this Life, all the Days of his vain Life, which he spendeth as a Shadow or a Fancy? For who shall tell him what shall be after him under the Sun of Vanity? Nay, though he should know that out of his Ashes should arise a vertuous holy Property, yet that will not bring him back to the Living, and immortal Nature.*

§. 9. *And hateth his own Flesh.*

**A** *Gain, I considered all Travel, and every right Work, that for this, a Man is envied of his Neighbour Lucifer: This Envy is also Vanity, for it will not prosper: And it increaseth the Vexation of his proud Spirit.*

*The Fool foldeth his Hands together, and rather then stir to find that which his Soul desireth, he Eats his own Flesh: There is one alone, and there is not a second: Yea he hath neither Successor nor Companion: Yet there is no End of all his Labour after something that the Soul wanteth not: Neither is the Eye of his Mind satisfied (no more then the Grave or Horse-Leech) with vain Riches: Neither saith he,*  
for

for whom do I labour, and bereave my Soul of that which it longs after? This is a great Vanity, and a fore fruitless Labour.

Then after all, I commended Mirth, and true Pleasure, because a Man hath no better thing under the Temporal or Eternal Sun, then to Eat the pure Manna, and Drink the Nectar that God hath appointed him and chear up his Heart, and be Merry for that shall abide with him of his Labour, all the days of his Eternal Life, which God hath appointed and given him under the Sun of Immortality.

Though I said before that there was an unalterable Law, or Rule of Eternity, by which all Eternal Creatures, Angels and Men must be governed, yet it is not meant, that this Law was any other than a Law of natural Love: It was no Imposition contrary to the Inclination of the said Eternal Essences: ( For to speak properly, a Law is given to shew Transgression: ) But it was a Law of Love and Sympathy, which they by natural Instinct observed, as naturally as every Creature loves Life and shuns Death: It was the straight Rule of Eternal Life and Joy. From which if any Eternal Essence swerve and change his Form and become Crooked, it cannot be ever made straight again: And that which is wanting to the composing of an Harmony cannot be numbred in the Election of God: It was the Law of pure *Philantia*: Love thy self and God: whose Image thou thy self art: Indulge thy Fortunate Genius, defraud him not: This Law was not indifferent but necessary, and therefore may well be termed an Eternal Law.

§. 10. *No Middle State.*

**B**UT perhaps some may say, I desire no such sensibility or Knowledge of extraordinary Joy and Pleasure, in the enjoyment of my Life: If I could but avoid Pain and Death, I desire no more: Or if I could be annihilated again, I would be content: I labour not after the Promotion of Pleasure in the highest intenseness, or degree, that my Soul is capable to partake of, which this Law enjoyns me to: I desire but a little Corporal Pleasure, and that but for a time in this Life.

I Answer, thou shalt not be left to thy Choice herein: For thou art strictly bound to avoid Death and love thy Life, *Aut Casar aut nullus*: Either give me my Desire or nothing: Saith the Soul, and for this end thou wast Created and Begotten, to increase the Joy of thy Mind to its highest Pitch, as a Play-fellow in the Scene of Heaven: And yet not so much for the sake of others ( as if the Divine Joy were not perfect without Thee ) but chiefly for thy own sake, and for the sake of the Divine Prisoner within Thee, who longs to be released out of Captivity: For it is but just and fit, that if any will not Dance with the Celestial Incolist's in the Divine Sport of Love ( but murmureth and is discontented ) He shall be excommunicated and turned out of the Society, as a Disturber of the harmless Peace and Love-sport.

## CHAP. IV.

## The Souls Rebellion.

§. 1. *The Fools Appetite.*

**N**OW then, O Man, I will ask Thee a Question: Dost thou think thou camest to be a Creature into the World, purposely to Eat and Drink and to take thy Pleasure? Thou wilt say, No, perhaps: But I say Yes: That was the Cause thou camest into this World, and only so thou glorifiest thy Creator, who sent for Thee out of the Abyss and Womb of Eternity: This was his beginningless Law to Angels and Man-preceding Essences, and this same Law will stand for Man-succeeding Creatures in the endless Eternity, if any shall ever be Created by the Creator hereafter, when the Humane World shall be consummated: For (as we said before) *All the Labour of Man is for his Mouth*, and his holy digesting Throat, if he knows how to feed on the Tree of Eternal Life and Pleasure in eating and drinking and sporting in the Angelical Pastime, and gathering of Flowers in Paradise: *And yet the Appetite of the Fool who misused this Pleasure, and contracted upon himself the Disease of the Greedies is not filled: His Canine Appetite or Orexis is never satisfied.*

Again, another Fool longs after strange Heterogeneous



geneous Objects, which tend not to the satisfaction of the Appetite, and are not proper Food for him : And gives his Money for that which is not Bread, and his Labour for that which profiteth not his Soul, and the well-being of himself, What is Man the better for them ? What would this Fool have ? He knows not himself : He wills this : He refuses that : He wracks himself and his own Spirit : And what is this but much Pains to little purpose ? And though it be true, that it is a piece of Wisdom to reserve the best till last, And he is not wise that suffers himself to be condemned by the poor silly Ant, who knows ( by an instinct of Nature or Law of Creation ) his time, and laies up or provides in the Summer against Winter : And he is a Fool that will fare above his Purse to day and want to morrow, and eats and drinks beyond the Power of Nature, and thereby gets a Surfeit or Disease ; yet there is no need for Man to gather up more then needs, *seeing there be many things that increase Vanity and Emptiness*, and meer husks not proper Food for the Soul.

§. 2. *Trust not in Uncertainties.*

**S**OME may say : *Wisdom is good with an Inheritance, and by it there is profit to them that shall see the Sun after him, his Successors : For Wisdom is a Defence : And Money or Treasures ( being Price of necessary things ) is a defence against the Winter, and Forreign-Invaders from Lucifers Domini-* on.

*Answer,* The Covetous Man nourisheth an old grudge against God belike : For he cannot trust God for Maintenance : Though the right Frugal Man

Man be a wise Man, yet it is a folly for such a Man (when he hath gathered sufficiency for himself, to live in the right and natural order of Health and true Pleasure) to torment himself too much in heaping up, and gathering into a Bag with Holes for his supposed Successors: Except *he knew that his Successor, who should enjoy the Fruit of his Labour, would be a Wise Man*: That is, One that will know how to manage those Treasures that are provided for him, and fulfil the Proverb, *One Soweth and another Reapeth*; that both he that Soweth and he that Reapeth may rejoyce together in an holy Sport of Eternal Love, in the Lord.

*But how can he tell that, whether his Successor be a Wise Man or a Fool, to whom he shall leave all his Labour? What tho' Money or Treasures be a Defence, yet the Excellency of Knowledge is, that true Wisdom, which knows how to use them, giveth Eternal Life to them that have it, that they may Eternally enjoy the Fruit of their Labour.*

### §. 3. *The Law-givers Example.*

**I** Was in Paradise chief Regent over the Essences and Animals in *Eden*, when I dressed the fair Flower-producing Garden, in the pure springing Odours and delightfulness of the Spiritual Sences: When I made me pleasant Gardens, I said in my heart, *Come on, I'll prove thee with Mirth: Therefore enjoy Pleasure: And behold, if not managed with true Wisdom, it is also Vanity. I said of temporary laughter, It is mad: And of mutable mirth, What doth it but presage a following fit of Sorrow?*

*I sought in mine heart to give my self unto the mirth of Cœlestial Wine, yet acquainting mine Heart with*

E • Wisdom;

*Wisdom; and to lay hold on Folly, if Folly were therein, that I might see what was that Good, for the Sons of Men, my Brethren, which they should do under their own Heaven, all the Days of their Immortal Life : I made me great Works in Eden : I builded me Houses, and many pleasant Mansions in the Forest of Paradise : I erected fair Bowers, and recreative Walks and Galleries : I planted me Vineyards, where pure Grapes might be produced : I made me fair Gardens and Orchards, and I planted Trees in them of all kinds of Fruit, pleasant to behold, and good for the Everlasting Food of Man.*

*I made me Pools of Water, to water therewith, as with Cœlestial Dew, the Wood that bringeth forth Trees for my fair Building, and for Food : I gat me Servants, Angel-Guardians, and Maiden-Virgins : And had Maidens born in my Cœlestial House : Also I had great possessions of all sorts of Animals, which were brought to me to receive their Natural Names, according to their genuine Nature, and to be in Subjection to my Authority, above all the Monarchs, (yea Lucifer himself,) that were in Eden before me : I gathered me also Silver and Gold, the Cœlestial precious Metals, and the peculiar Treasures of Kings, and of Angelical Provinces and Hierarchies : I got me Singers, Virgin-Singers, with their ravishing Voices, the Delights of the Sons of Men, as Musical Instruments, and that of all sort. : For the workmanship of my Tabrets, of my Pipes, and Harps and Viols, were prepared in me, in the Day that I first appeared in Eden : All precious Stones were my Covering and Ornament wherewith I walked up and down in Purty in the midst of the Stones of Fire.*

S. 4. *His Wisdom.*

**I** Was the Anointed Cherub, and God had set me so:  
 And so I was great, and my Grandeur encreased  
 more than all the Princes that were in Paradise in the  
 Throne of the third World before me: Also my true  
 Wisdom remained with me: And whatsoever my Eyes de-  
 sired, I kept not from them, I with-held not my Heart  
 from any Joy: For my Heart rejoyced in all my Labour:  
 And this was my Portion of all my Labour and Sport:  
 Then I looked on all the Works that my Hands had  
 wrought, and on the Labour that I had laboured to do:  
 And behold all seemed Vanity and Vexation of my Spi-  
 rit, and a wracking of the Spirit of my Successor  
 Adam: And there was like to be no profit to him under  
 the Sun of his Third Principle.

And so I turned my self to behold Wisdom and Mad-  
 ness, being a deprivation of the Heavenly Senses,  
 and Folly: For what can the Man do that cometh after  
 the Royal King of Eden? Even that which hath already  
 been; That which was done by the holy Angels, if  
 he continue in my Wisdom.

Then I saw that Wisdom excelleth Folly, as much as  
 the Light of Heaven excelleth the dark and painful Fire  
 of Hell. The Wise Mans Eyes are in his Head, and  
 walketh by my Light, but the Fool walketh in Dark-  
 ness, and will not bring his Deeds to my Light.

And yes I my self perceived also that one Event hap-  
 peneth to them all.

§. 5. *Travail appointed to Man.*

**T**Hen said I in my Heart, *As it happeneth to the Fool, so it happeneth even to me: Then why was I more wise? Then said I in my Heart, That this is also Vanity: Yea, it is a miserable Lot, that both the Fool and the Wise should become so subject to Vanity, that they must both dye the Corporal Death: And while they groan to be delivered from the Bondage of Corruption, they must either beget a Child that will (when this Corporal Death, as pangs of a travailing Fema'e seizes upon them) either comfort them concerning their Work, Labour and Travail, and the Toil of their Hands, which God hath given to all the Sons of Men to be exercised therein, and concerning the Ground which the Lord hath Cursed: Or else they will Eternally remain in this Labour and Pangs, and dye the Eternal Death, with the imperfect Embryo in their Bellies, and shall never be disburthened, or cast out their Sorrows.*

*In the External World there is no remembrance of the Wise more than the Fool for ever: Seeing that which is now in respect, in the Days to come shall all be forgotten in the other World: And all things are mutable: And how dieth the wise Man? As the Fool: Therefore I hated the outward Life, and the Life of the false Birth: Because the Work that is wrought under the Sun of Vanity is grievous unto me: For all is Vanity and Vexation of the pure Spirit of the Soul: Yea, I hated all my Labour, which I had taken under the Temporal Sun, because I should leave it unto the External Man, who shall supply my Place in Eden.*

*And who knows whether he shall be a Wise Man, or a Fool? Yet shall he have Rule over all my Labour where-*



*in I have laboured, and wherein I have shewed my self wise under both Suns : This is also the Vanity of mutable and fading things.*

§. 6. *Christ's Sorrows.*

**T**herefore I went about to despair of all the Labour which I took under the Sun of Mutability: For there is a Divine Man whose Labour is in Wisdom, and in Knowledge, and in Equity: Yet to an Earthly Man, that hath not laboured therein, shall he leave it for his Portion: This is also Vanity, and a great Evil: Yea, it is a great piece of Injustice and Abuse of the Kindness of the Divine Man, who undertok all this Travail for the sake of the Earthly.

For what hath the Divine Man of all his Labour, and of the Vexation of his Heart, wherein he hath laboured under the Sun? For all his Days are Sorrows, and his Travel Grief: And he is a Man of Afflictions, and acquainted with Vexations, yea his Heart taketh not Rest in the Night of his Anguish, which he feeleth in his continual waiting upon his Companion for his Companions sake: And what Thanks hath he? What return of an Acknowledgment of his Love hath he from many a Man, but to add Affliction to his Sorrow? This is also Vanity, or rather a great Cruelty, which will be imputed to such ingrateful Men. The time will come, that all the Days of their Eternity shall be Sorow, and their Travail endless Grief, weeping and gnashing of Teeth: Their Hearts shall never take a sweet Repose and Rest in the Night of their Wo; because of their Worm, which will Everlastingly gnaw them like a Fury in the Conscience.

S. 7. *Mans Ignorance.*

**N**AY, Let such cruel Men use all the Skill they can in this World, yet they shall not prosper : *The Race is not to them, be they never so Swift : The Battel is not to them, be they never so Strong : But they will be taken at last by more subtile Powers, in an evil time, as Animals in a Snare :* And so become subject to Fate or Fortune, as passing by and slighting the good Fortune which God hath appointed for them : And Fortune being now their Goddess, Ruleth and Governeth them, making Sport with them, just as rude Boys make sport with any thing that they can master, when they go about to kill it, and put it to as much pain as they can. Thus we see a good or bad *Fortune happens to all :* Good Fortune is called the Mind or Astrum of the Deity : And according as Mans Manners be here, such a God he will have to sport with him, either in anger or in Love, in the other World : O Man beware here.

Thus for want of Divine Skill in the super-cœlestial Astrology of discerning the true *Time* and good *Fortune*, which God hath appointed for every Man that comes into this World, *the Misery of many a Man is great upon him*, and he becomes most wretched, and cast into an Eternal Hell : Hell ! What's that ? An inward Fire and Torment in the Bowels, putting him to an unspeakable Pain, because a good Fortune or Condition of Serenity and Satisfaction once profer'd unto Man, was neglected or slighted : For if the true Light or Candle had not come to direct them into the Way, out of Blindness and Ignorance, there could be no Hell : And if a good *Fortune* had not been appointed for every Man, there could

could be no *Vexation of Spirit*, or Torment for the loss of that which was impossible to be obtained : But now because his place in Heaven stands empty, there's his Hell, and there's his Wo.

Man also by his wilful Blindness stands in his own Light, and becometh more ignorant still, while he will not use his Wit and *Skill with all his Might, to do whatever the hand of his Power finds to do*, by Divine Assistance, and the helping hand of God reached forth in mercy to him, in order to his future well-being, and everlasting happy Estate. For also he loseth his Senses and Reason, and knows not so much as how to distinguish the true Form, of Properties, from the false, by the Skill of Divine Logick, which is infused into every Man, if he be a Man. Nay, he knows not the FORM of his own Soul, *viz.* God : He understands not what God in the Abstract is, *viz.* The Pure Nature shining in the Soul : But he seeks to find him in the Concrete, and cannot reach him. As the Philosopher said, Whoever seeth God, seeth nothing diverse or heterogeneous from himself.

Further, Ignorant Man knows not how to give a Species its right Genus; He makes Fleshly Pleasure to depend on the pure Nature: And therein the grossly Mistakes, as in many other things, too tedious here to enumerate.

§. 8. *And Mortality.*

**A** Nother Folly is to do that first, which should be done last : To do that to Excess, which should be confined to a Mean : For in Musick the Mean is the sweetest Note. To take care for a temporal before an Eternal Inheritance is a like

folly : For Pleasure ( I mean temporal Joy ) is not Sin, but the manner of using it in a wrong way and manner makes it a sin, and a breach of the Antient Order. Then let us not rank the Excess of Vertue in the Predicament of Vice

Thus Man, because he will not give to his Soul the thing that he craves after, makes his Soul an Eternal Beggar or Craver, and yet shall never procure the thing craved. Here's the Wo : Here is the Misery : Here's the Hell. *Wo to thee, O Humane Land, when thy King is a Beggar ; and an ignorant Child : And thy Princes eating in the Morning of their Eternity, devour all, and are in want when the time of Hunger comes. But blessed art thou, O Micro-cosmical City, when thy King is the Son of the Noble Deity, and thy Princes eat of the Tree of Life in due Season, for their Eternal Health, and Joy of their Everlasting Lives. Blessed art thou, O Immortal Man, that Livest for ever in this pure Life : But cursed for ever art thou, O Immortal Man, that chooseth to dye, or to be for ever feeling Death's Property, which is Eternal Pain.*

This therefore in short is the sum of this Eternal Law : *Eat not of Poyson, where Two Properties strive for Mastery : But feed on the Tree of the Joyous Life : O Man-King live for ever : Eat, drink, and make thy self merry in the Divine Sport : And satisfie thy Mind with Eternal Delights, for there is no Pleasure after the second Death, which is a Living Death, and an Eternally Dying-Life ; No Wisdom nor Skill to find this Life, in the Grave of Anguish whither thou goest.*

§. 9. *Phantasie inverted.*

**W**HY, saith my Objecter. This is a wonderful thing : If this be the only Law and Right of Eternity. And if God never enacted any Counter-Law, but only as a Penalty upon the breaking of this Law which cannot be altered ? What would the Soul have ? Or what would Mortal Man have to give himself rest ? For the End of all Motion is Rest : And the End of all Travail is Refreshment, the End of Longing is the Enjoyment of a thing Loved.

*Answer,* Phantasie forceth the Soul out of its natural Posture to work against the Hair : And as the Ancient Proverb saith, Love is Blind, and that which is deformed seems fair in the Souls Eye. And because God hath forbidden the Tree of Contrariety to be touched, therefore Man hath a strong Fancy that there is some great Mystery in it : And so like a Fool he comes to be governed by Fancy, not considering there is no Smoak without Fire : which not prevented, his House may be burned.

But to clear the Mystery of this Subject still plainer to the Understanding : It is well known, where Fancy is strong, the Author chooseth a Laborious Life, while he enjoyeth a thing loved or fancied, and feels not the Pain : And prefers it before a Life of Pleasure without the Society of the Object his Love : For he cannot enjoy Pleasure in Pleasure, while the one thing fancied is withheld and kept back from him : And the best thing being out of sight is out of Mind.

Now (saith my Objecter,) Apprehend the Matter : God who is a true Rest to the Soul offers



a bitter Cup to the Soul; saying, Drink this first, and thou shalt enjoy Eternal Pleasure.

And *Lucifer* presents Dishes pleasant to the Palate, though bitter to the Belly: God saith, *Come to me; O all ye that labour and are heavy laden with Vanity, and I will give you rest, for my Yoke is easie, and my Burden is Light:* But here is a Yoak of Burden of Affliction mentioned.

§. 10. *Soul and Body must Sympatize.*

**A** *Answer*, I deny the Objection: God commands the Soul to enjoy the Pleasure of Temporal as well as Eternal Life: For the temperate Man hath a thousand times more Pleasure in Eating and Drinking then the Spewing Sick intoxicated Drunkard: And as for the Yoak and Burden mentioned before; the upright Soul counteth it no yoak of uneasiness: For indeed it is not uneasie to any part but only the corrupted Fancy, and the crooked Nature, which judgeth the delightful way of Vertue to be irksome because unaccustomed thereunto.

For the Spirit of the Soul desires only his Right Object, which if he obtains, he lets the Soul enjoy Temporal Pleasure as he will, out of what hath been said, it is clear, that it is not God fault that Man attains not the Fruition of his longing Desire, and the Rest of his labouring Mind.

For like a Leech he chooseth to glut himself with the Blood of false Pleasure, and then to spue up all again, rather than to enjoy the true rest of his Mind in Contentment. So *Mans Ruine is of himself.*

And the Soul sacrificing the Spirit (as being the true Child in the Regeneration) there are Drums and loud Musicks sounding to stop his Cries, that  
the

the Voice of this Divine Complainer cannot be audible. *As thou knowest not the way of the Spirit, or how the Bones do grow in the Womb of the Holy Pregnantress, So thou knowest not the Work of God that makes all,* except thou be born of this Holy Seed. And here also ariseth another Question, how shall the Soul attain to satisfy his Longing and vehement Desire? This is the Lesson which the whole World of Mankind are yet seeking to learn, and for the most part learned as well as unlearned, are stupid and dull in the comprehending of it, because they would learn it the wrong way.

And God hath set the World in Mans Heart, so that Man cannot find out the Work that God maketh from the beginning to the end of his Life, without the Assistance and Revelation of the Spirit of the same God.

For first Man must by the Assistance of this spiritual Physician cure the Distemper of his Soul, and then he will love the thing enjoyed: For what is the most pleasant Dainties in the World to an ill-prepared Stomack.

And also, here also ariseth another great Question: Is it possible for every Man born of a Woman to reach and attain to this Food or Fewel which he earnestly longs after? *Answer,* Though it hath been concluded by some pretended famous Divines that it is not possible for some who have been excluded by Gods predestinate Purpose, who according to the Poet,

*Inscribere Deos sceleris; numenque supernum,  
Cæde laboriferi credunt gaudere juvenis:*

And though this Doctrine be horrid Blasphemy or Reproaching of God: Yet I must be forced now to remit the Answer to another place.

CHAP.

## CHAP. V.

## The Virgins Suit.

§. 1. *Mans meet Help.*

**I** *The Preacher was Prince over the three Worlds in Eden: I Preached the ancient Law in the Throne of Paradise: And I gave my Heart to seek and to search out by Wisdom, concerning all things that are done under the Holy Heaven: This sore Travel hath God given to the Sons of Men to be exercised therein: This sealed Book hath he given to Mankind to unclasp and to Read: I have seen all the Labour and Travel, and Work, that are done under the lower Firmament.*

*And behold all is Vanity, and Vexation of the pure Spirit of the Soul.*

*I communed with my own Heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great Estate, and have gotten more Wisdom then all the ancient Revolted Princes and Lord Lucifer who hath been Prince in Eden before me.*

*Yea my Heart had great Experience of Wisdom and Knowledge; and I gave my Heart to know Wisdom, and to know Madnesse, and Folly, by Reason whereof Lucifer lost his Throne.*

*I perceived also that this is a Vexation of the Holy Spirit: For in much Serpentine Wisdom and Subtily is much grief: And he that increaseth the Knowledge of*

of good and evil in Opposition, *increaseth Sorrow,* as not practising what he knows.

And so *all is Vanity*, whatever is a *Vexation* to the fair Virgins Spirit : And promoteth not the mutual Joy of the Spirit of the Soul, and the Divine Virgin or Humane Goddess.

And here lieth the great mistake of Mankind : Folly is the grand Cause or rather a foolish Fancy of setting the Affection upon an Object Loved, which cannot easily be withdrawn : How is that ? Man will not love the fair Virgin whom God hath appointed, for his Eternal Solace, and Pleasure in the pure Paradise of undefiled Love and immaculate Chastity, the true Cause of Eternal Joy.

Now what is Joy, but the Enjoyment of a thing loved and longed for ? But here lieth the great Error, and here is Mans Misery, he chooseth to eat and wipe his Mouth in a corner, and to sit sopping over a Cup of Hellish Liquor in Private like a Fool, or Self-conceited Frantick, or Parasite ; not considering that *two are better then one : Because they have a good Reward of their Labour : For if they fall the one will lift up his Fellow : But wo to him that is alone when he falleth into Misery : For he hath not his Virgin to help him.* Sneaking like a Guilty Sinner, and if thou spare to speak, thou'lt spare to speed : O Guilty Soul.

*Again, if two lye together in the Bed of Purity, then they have heat : But how can one be warm alone ? And if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him : But the threefold Cord, of God, the Soul, and his Virgin is not quickly broken.*

Or else ( rather then Love the Virgin ) Man often chooseth to fall in love with *Jezebel*, who will not love him again : For as he proved cruel, hard-hearted,

hearted, and cross to the fair Virgin that loved him, ( for it is a sad thing that true love should ever be lost, and it is a most sad thing, to love and not to be loved again : ) So he is met with and requited in his kind, and shall never attain the thing loved, and this is Mans wo : There is no other Misery nor any other thing, that will be cause of Pain, nor any other cause of Anguish, Horrour, and Eternal Despair, but only this, which is because he slighted his own potentially-good Fortune, whereof he will eternally Repent ; God never ordained, muchless created and framed Man to Eternal Perdition. But *Mans Destruction is of himself.* And observe this for a certain Truth, Man hated God, before God rejected Man.

## §. 2. *Virgin-Virtue.*

**H**ere some one may Object, that this Virgin is meaner, and not of so excellent a Beauty as this Harlot is supposed to be.

*Answ.* In no wise imagine so : the fault lies in the blindness of the Lover.

This fair Virgin, is most excellingly Beautiful, both by innate Beauty, and precious Ornaments, wherewith her Mother attired her and dressed her up : She is the Daughter of the Deity, ( For an infinite number of Virgins flow from the Fountain of Divine Vertue, and have been Eternally in Heaven, and intended for Brides to the Humane Offspring : *There are threescore Queens, and fourscore Concubines, and Virgins without number,* ) but this Divine Virgin is born in Heaven, and is in Heaven in perpetual Youth : And for Mans Souls-sake ( and to fulfil the Creators Will ) Woeth him ; appearing at  
times



times unto him, with most glorious and serene Smiles and Speeches.

She is called by the Sirname of Fair Vertue, or Divine Form: She is far more Rich than the Soul: More Fortunate: More Potent: More Noble: More Beautiful: More Wise: More Sound than the Soul: And yet she thinks it no disparagement to be espoused to Him. If he would be but willing.

First she makes her Address to her Virgin-Mother, and intreats her that she would grant her the favour of going out to see the Daughters of the Humane Land, as *rejoycing in the habitable Parts of it, her delight also being also with the Sons of Men: As one brought up with the Creator, his daily delight, rejoycing always before him.*

Yes (saith her Virgin-Mother Gods Eternal Bride) Go, I know thou wilt not suffer thy self to be defiled: Choose whom thou likest, if thou canst gain his Love, and be espoused to him.

And when she hath pitched her Affections upon a Soul, she returns back, and shews him to her Mother, and saith, O dear Mother, behold is a Child of Adam which pleaseth my Eye, shall I have him for my Bridegroom? Yes, Win his Affections to thy self, and be eternally united to him.

Then she useth all means to compass her ends: First she endeavours to draw him by her looks: And to *ravish his Heart with her Eyes* (as with one of her Aspects:) *And with one Chain of her Neck,* which her Virgin-Mother gave her.

*My Beloved is like a Roe or a young Hart skipping upon the Greening Meadows: Behold he standeth behind our Wall, He looketh forth at the Windows, shewing himself through the Casements of the Creation: Then was I in his Eyes as one that found favour.*

He .

He looked again on me, as if he esteemed my Beauty, and counting me *all fair as if no Spot were in me.*

O then, I was in great Hopes to attain my Ends: I was many times restless; for *by Night upon my Bed, I oft thought upon him: I sought him whom my Soul loveth: I sought him but I found him not: For sometimes I doubted, whether he loved me as I loved him.*

### §. 3. *The Beginnings of Grace.*

**I**'LL rise now, said I, and go about the Streets, and in the Broad-ways; and will count. no Labour irksome to seek him whom my Soul loveth: *I sought him*

I went to Bed again: *I slept, ( in the Platonick Silence ) but my Heart waked as in a Divine Dream, it seemed as if the Voice of my Beloved knocking at the Door was calling me: Saying, open to me, my Sister, Gods Daughter, my unspotted Dove: For my Head is filled with Dew: And my Locks with the drops of the Night of Anguish.*

But me thought I answered in the Vision: *I have put off my Coat, How shall I put it on now in the Cold? I have washed my Feet in the pure Fountain, how shall I defile them? Then me thought my Beloved put his Hand in at the hole of the Door, and then my Bowels were moved for him: I rose up to open to my Beloved: And my Divine Hands being perfumed with Myrrh, and my Fingers with Odours dropped Odoriferous Juice upon the Lock of the Door.*

I opened to my Beloved, but my Beloved had withdrawn himself and was gone: His Voice still ( me thought ) sounded in my Ears: *My Soul failed to think how pleasantly he spake: I sought him, but I could*

could not find him, I called him but he gave me no answer.

The Watchmen that went about the City, met me, to whom I said, save ye him whom my Soul loveth: But instead of giving me an Answer and directing me, they smote me and wounded me in the Dark, The keepers of the Wall took my Vail from me.

O ! Angelical Daughters of the Cœlestial City, I charge you if you find my Beloved, that ye tell him how I am sick of Love.

My Heart is filled with Perplexity and Sorrow : I expected here no fatal stroke of Mortal Wound, or Contagion of Disease : In the Blessed Regions whence I came Death is Out lawed, and Sin an Exile, at least wise a Terrour only heard of by the Ear : Pleasures are there boundless, because unlimited to the Partakers : For Excess and Intemperance are Strangers in our Courts. Our Rural Fields are blessed with the beauteous Beams of the Orient Sun of Eternity, who shines through the Casement of the New Creation. And our Radiant Morning can scarce raise a blush, before our Blessed Titan is ready to unvail his splendid Face.

#### §. 4. The Excellency of Vertue.

WHY ( said the Cœlestial Daughters ) art thou so concerned ? Why wouldst thou leave so blessed an Habitation ? For whose sake hast thou undertaken this Travail and Trouble ? What is thy Beloved more than another Object of Love, O thou fairest among the Angelical Virgins ? What is He more than another, that thou dost so charge us ? O, said she, My Beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest in my Mind among ten thousand : The Humane Soul is a  
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little Incarnation wherein God my Father was pleased to propagate himself: The Glorious Son of God himself is an immortal Man. *His Cheeks are as a Bed of Spices and fragrant Flowers: His Lips like Lillies dropping sweet-smelling Myrrh: His presence is most lovely:* He bears the Character of Divine Meekness upon his Aspect: *This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O ye Daughters of Paradise. Whither (said they) is thy Beloved gone, O thou fairest among the Virgins? Whither is He turned aside, that we may seek him with thee?* For we sympathize with thy sad Misery. *My Beloved (said she) is I believe gone down into his Rural Garden to the Beds of Odours, to feed in his fragrant Paradise, and to gather Lillies by the Fountains of Living Waters.*

When she had found him, he breathed forth these Affections and Passions of Love: *Thou art beautiful O my Love, O fair Sophia: O blessed Astrea, O Excellent Virgin-Virtue: Turn away thine Eyes from me, for they have overcome me. Thy Hair is as a flock of Goats, appearing on the Mountains of Pleasures: Thy Teeth are as a flock of Innocent Sheep, which go up from being washed in the Rivers of ChrySTALLINE Purity: As a piece of Pomegranate are thy Temples within thy Locks. There are threescore Queens and fourscore Concubines, the Virgins Handmaidens, and other Virgins without number: My Love, my undefiled is chief in my Eye: She is the only one of her Virgin-Mother in my account: She is the choise Darling of her that bare her in the Angelical Regions. The Daughters of God saw her, and blessed her, yea the Queens and the Ladies of Honour, they praised her. Who is she that looketh forth at the Window of true Light which enlightens the Humane House, even as the most beautiful Aurora, fair as Phœbe, and*  
Maje-

*Majestick as the Colours in the Army of Heaven. I went down, at this saying into the Garden of Paradise to see the Fruits of the Vallies and Savanna's: And to see whether the Heart-cheering Vine flourished, and the Pomegranates of the Tree of Pleasure budded as Blossoms of Holiness; Or ever I was aware, my Soul made me like the Chariots of Fire: Then he called her: Saying, Return, return, O Daughter of the Deity: Return into thy Retirement, that we may look upon thee: What will ye see in the Princess? As it were the Banner of an Angelical Army.*

§. 5. *The Gospel of Peace.*

**T**HE Voice of my Beloved, I hear: Behold he is coming: Leaping upon the Mountains of my Moans, and skipping upon the Hill of my Hopes.

*How beautiful upon the Mountains are the Feet of my Shepherd? How far more beautiful are thy Feet (said He) with the Shoes of Gospel-Peace, O Princess Daughters: Thy message of Meekness is joyful to my Heart: Thy Breasts are like two skipping Roes that are Twins. No noise of Oppression shall any more Alarm our Holy Land, for it is like to be restored to its Primitive Purity: Neither need our Fellow-Shepherds dread the sense of Invasion of a Forreign Enemy: Priviledges shall be as sacred as Life: And our Pastures shall be Levelled, as being all in Common: The Mountains of Pride shall be debased: And every humble Valley exalted: Modesty and Innocency will be here Alamode: And Simplicity with Loyalty, as of old the newest Dress. The Pelican in these Golden Ages will not pick wounds in her tender Breasts infeebling her self to relieve her Young Ones: Neither will the Ostrich conceal her*

Eggs dreading the crush of the Wild Beast: These are the Halcyon Days prophesied of by the Holy Angels in the Nonage of Time, wherein the Swan will no more sing an Elegy as previous to her Funeral: Nor will the Phœnix Fire her Urn to generate her species: Alligators will not be so ravenous as to prey upon Passengers: Nor will the Hypocrite-Crocodile dissemble his Tears to moisten the Funeral of his Fellow-Creature. In this Countrey all live according to the immemorial Customs thereof by Sympathy: For Antipathy is a Stranger to these Borders. Here the Hind Calveth without Coruscations: Claps or Thunder are not needful to disburden her. Neither doth the Bear lick her Cubs into Shape; for Deformity is exiled from our Pastures.

§. 6. *The Pleasantness of Vertue.*

**B***T thee O fair Goddess the Princes of our Countrey Reign: How fair and altogether pleasant art thou O Love for Divine Delights! O how I delight to walk in the Paths that my Virgin Fair Vertue useth to walk in. at her Morning and Evening walks in the cool of the pure Day of Everlasting Light. The King of Mankind is held in the Galleries: This thy Stature is like a Palm-tree: And thy Breasts to Cluster of Grapes: I said, I will go up to the Palm-Tree of Triumph, I will take hold of the Boughs thereof, as a Trophy of Victory over the vain World: Now also thy Breasts shall be as the Clusters of the Vine of Life, and the smell of thy fair Cheeks like Apples of Paradise: And the Odours of thy Mouth like Cœlestial Wine of heavenly Refreshment for her Beloved, that is pleasant to his Palate, causing the Holy Lips of them that sleep in the beatifical Vision to*  
utter

utter Angelical Songs, and *Speak* Gods Praise. Here we will *eat of the Trees of Life* and *live for ever*: For in our Pastoral fair Fields no Brambles grow: Nor is Sterility known in the Coasts of our *Eden*: The Trees of Knowledge of one pure property look big as burdened with the Fruit of Eternal Life: And their blushing Heads bow down to the Courteous Hands that reach them: The Holy Earth knows nothing but fulness of prolifick Vertue which nourisheth in it self, the primary cause, the ends of Germination: Whence proceeds the Blossom of the blessed Bud in the new Regeneration.

§. 7. *Divine Contemplation.*

**O** My Dove, that seemest to lurk in the Clefts of the Rocks, in the secret Places of the ascent into Heaven: Let us see thy Countenance: Let us hear thy Voice, for it is sweet: And thy Countenance is comely: Thou that dwellest (said she) in the Rural Gardens garnished with glorious Flowers: Thy Companions, the Angels hearken to thy Voice: Cause me to hear it. Draw me, and my Heart will run after thee: The Royal Shepherd hath brought me to his Cottage of Clay, into his Princely Chambers of Green Flowers: We will be glad and rejoyce in thee: We will remember and think of thy Love more than Wine of Temporary Delights: The upright Virgins love thee.

My Beloved spake and said unto me, rise up, my Love, my Fair one, and come away: For the Winter in this our Climate, while we abide here is eternally past: The Tempest of Afflictions is over and gone: I suffered many a bitter Night for thee; now the Flowers of thy Virgin Beauty appear on my humane Earth: The Time of Melody of Birds is come:

*And the ravishing Voice of my Musical Virgin is heard in my Land. Heark! The Queristers of the Grace-inspiring Air do change their Notes: The Black-bird and Thrush are my Companions in the Greening Groves: They refresh my inspired Soul with a Divine Song of Praise to their Creator: While I endeavour to bear the burden with my slender Shepherds-pipe: And then pretty Philomel closes up the Day of Alacrity with sweet Epithalamiums: And the Lark admiring the Beauty of my late-risen Light, mounts the fair Welkin to partake of its splendour: And the rest of the Aerial Troop manage the Consort, till the Cool of the Blessed Evening. Here the Plover flyeth with the Tassel: And the Pheasant keep flight with the Falcon: Neither doth the Partridge know Engine or Noosy Thread, nor dreads the swifter flight of the Hawk: Nor is the Lark dared with the Hobby.*

*§. 8. The Contentment of Vertue.*

**T**HE Fig-tree putteth forth her Green Figs: And the Vines of chearfulness with the tender Grape of Delight in the Patiss of pure Vertue, new-budding in the hedge of Distinction of the two Natures give a fragrant Smell: Let every one enjoy himself in true Rest and Tranquility under his Vine and under his Fig-tree: Where none shall make him afraid: For now the golden Ages are again returning:

*Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna:*

*Arise, my Love, my Fair one, and come away.  
Come with me from the fair Forrest, my Sister: Go  
with*



*with me from the greening Grove my Spouse: Look from the Mountains of my late moanings, from the Top of the Rocks of despair: From the Lions Den: From the Laborious Hills of the Leopards: No wild Beast hath Power to hurt us, while thou art our Princess: For the Kids with the Flock Sport with the Wolf, and run about the Bear for Diversion. The Lion lies down with the Lamb, and eats Grass as an Ox: Nor is any thing of Emulation known in this sacred Creation: For the Tyger sports with the Herd, and the Dove, Queen of the Fowls takes Wing with the Eagle, and Vulture, her Subjects: And the little Child may lead the Lion upon the Mountain of the Leopards: And the Suckling may play at the hole of the Asp and Cockatrice; and receive no hurt: As being the Regenerate Babe of the Blessed Birth: None shall hurt or destroy in all this holy Mountain.*

*Come my Dear Shepherd, Let us go into the fair Fields of Eden: Let us lodge in the Angelical Villages, who live in the next Nature of our Neighbourhood: Let us get up early to the Vineyards of Life: Let us see if the Heart-cheering Vine of spiritual Joy doth flourish: Whether the Grape of the Regeneration appears, and the Pom:granates of Eternal Refreshments bud forth: There will I give thee my Loves, in the Garden of Delights: Where no Cankers or Caterpillars breed out of Putrefaction: Nor are Northern Blasts injurious to us: Our Fields are full fraught with Flowers and Odorates: For no Serpent hath Admission to taint the Fruit of Life: And our Earth in abundance brings forth Pleasures, whose Womb is the Store-house of Heavenly Treasures. The Humane Plant is Odoriferous, and at our Gates are all manner of pleasant Fruits of Eternal*

F 4

Life,

Life, which I have laid up for thee, O my Beloved.

§. 9. *The acceptable Sacrifice.*

**B**UT tell me, O Shepherd, tell me O thou whom my Soul loveth, where thou feedest thy Sheep, and where thou makest thy flocks to rest at Noon: and I will meet thee in thy Rural Pastures: O let me not be as one turned aside from the Flocks of thy Companions. O thou Princess, wilt thou condescend to my Rural Recreations? Wilt thou of a Princess become a Shepherdess? If thou wilt debase thyself so low, then go thy way forth by the Tracks of the Flock of Innocency, and thou shalt see how I feed the Kids and Lambs beside the Shepherds Tents, and preserve them in their Innocent State. For here the Golden Rule must be kept among all the Creatures, where each one doth justice by kind, and not that the dread of Punishment should compel them: For the Ray of Justice is so generally distributed, that it naturally shines in every one: The Creatures of this New Creation (which is also the beginningless live purely by instinct, not making their Bodies the Sepulchre of dead Carcasses: Here the Innocent Lamb (because not knowing the Terrors of Death,) would readily (if occasion were) proffer his Throat to the shrines of the Altar: And the Calf is so far from fear, that he dreads not the formidable stroke of Separation, because he knows by natural instinct, there is no Butcherly or Bloody Dog in this Land: There is no living here for the Rapacious.

§. 10 *The Authority of Vertue.*

**B**ehold thou art fair in my Eye, O dear Shepherdess: *Also this Green place of Repose is pleasant: The Beams of our Arbors are Cedar; and the Rafter of our Pastoral house are of Fir.* See how the lofty Cedars lift up their Majestick Heads: And the Martial Oaks stand by them: The trembling Alp shakes his Palsie Crown: Behold it is calm in this cool Cave, behind this B eech of Tranquility, where the Vine full-loaded with Grapes of Purity is a Shadow of Pleasure, embracing the Olive under the Holy Mount: And the Eglantine entangles it self with the Rose: The Honey-Suckle ties knots about the Arbories.

Oh! some body *take away the Foxes, and chase the Young Wolves that spoil the Vines: For our Vines have tender Grapes,* being but newly budding in the Garden of my Heart. *My Belov'd is mine, and I am his: He feedeth his Lambs in a Meadow of Lillies.* Hunters of tame Beasts and Men of Violence will starve here: For Death being an exile cannot feed their devouring Appetites: The Ditties of the Melodious Birds will fright Fowlers into their own Lot and Place: Nor can the Fishes be deceived by the Angler; who is forced to keep within his bounds: For here is no Treachery nor Treason in this Holy Land.

*Swords are beaten into Plough-shares,* wherewith we dig the Gardens not for Necessity but Recreation: *Spears are turned into Pruning-Hooks* to dress the bowers of Contentment: And murdering Guns are made Instruments of Musick, and sweet Melody. Here the Creatures make Sport and Pastime with Danger, as if Death and Destruction were Sanctuaries

aries unto them. *When fair Aurora began to appear, and the Shadows of Eternal Death fled away, I saw my Beloved skipping like a Young Hart without Gall upon the Mountains of Manna: Even where fear is altogether unexperienced, and the Grave such a Stranger, that its greedy devouring Jaws are satisfied, not gaping for Carcasses to fill the Womb of Putrefaction: For nothing can languish or be sensible of Smart: Because Pain is uncreated: And Death altogether unknown.*

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## CHAP. VI.

### The Whores Suit.

#### §. 1. *Backsliding.*

**B**UT after all these amorous Enjoyments of each others Societies and Embraces, as previous to their future Felicity, the Soul oftentimes shews the inconstancy of Lovers, and as a rolling Stone that gathers no Moss, cuts of the increase of Love in the Bud; and so playing fast and loose does and undoes, gives the slip to the Virgin; though she remains faithful and constant on her part.

For the Soul hankers after other Lovers, and dissembling (as the Proverb saith, Holds with Hounds and runs with the Hare.) And thus hunting after other Lovers is never satisfied, but Conceits there is more Pleasure hidden in other pretended Virgins  
of

of the Land, after whom he gazeth, and by whose forged Beauty he is smitten, though they have no real Beauty, their Faces being painted with Artificial Colours to deceive; and so the Soul imagines the Enjoyment of one of these is a Heaven of an higher Degree than the Virgins Paradise: And so Heaven ( as the Atheist saith though falsely ) were not Heaven, if its Mystery were known.

I say the Soul often nourisheth foolish Fancies in it self, and because he finds the Virgin or Pleasant Vertue too easie to be attained, ( according to the false Epicure :

————— *Mens est amor huic similis:*

*Nam Transvolat in medio posita, & fugientia captat :* )

Therefore he aims at those who seem more rare, and harder to be attained in his Judgment : Dis esteems her Gifts and undervalues her Graces : But here his Judgment is blinded : For he seeth no form or comeliness in the Virgin, nor any thing in her that might make her worthy to be desired : And becomes gradually infected with false Love : He seeth and looketh upon another pretended *Delilah* or Maid far more fair then God's Daughter ; and endued ( in his Opinion ) with rarer and nobler Qualities.

Thus the higher the Souls attainments and enjoyments of the pure Virgin hath been, the more basely he becomes degenerated ; For as dead Flyes cause, the most precious Ointment of the Apothecary to cast forth a most nauseous smell : So doth a little Folly him that was in a high Degree of Reputation for Wisdom, and honourable Enjoyment of God's Virgin-Child.



§. 2. *The Baits of Sin.*

**A** *Wise Mans Heart is at his Right Hand toward Heaven, but a Fools Heart is at his Left, whose Rumb is Hell-wards: Yea also when he that is a Fool walketh in this way, his Wisdom which he once had faileth him, and he saith to every one he is a Fool, for adds he, I am deeply in Love with such and such a Delilah.*

But O thou immortal Man, wake not a sleeping Lioness, let the Hellish Properties rest still, O Son of Man look before thou leapest: For the Abyss is deep, which is the Womb of the false Whore.

*Keep thou the Covenant and live for ever, and the Law of Wisdom as the Apple of thine Eye, which suffers not thee to be bewitched by gazing after Vanity: Bind her Vows upon thy Fingers, and write them upon the Tables of thine Heart, say unto fair Wisdom, Thou art my Sister, and my Spouse: And call pleasant Vertue thy near Kinswoman: That she may keep thee from the [Whore] and the Stranger: Who is not Kin to thee in the Divine Linage; even from her that can flatter with her Serpents Tongue. She is the Serpents Daughter, [An evil Crow an evil Egg.]*

*For at the Windows of my House, I looked through the Casement of the Creation: And I beheld among the humane Fools; there was a young Soul void of Wisdom, passing through the Street near the Angle where two ways lead to the Eternal Life and Death, he went on the Left Hand the way to the Whores House: In the Twilight, in the Evening: When the black and dark Night at last covered him, and thus he began to be blinded.*

*And there met him a Woman in the attire of an Harlot subtiler than this Fool: (She is a Stranger at home, but overmuch acquainted in the Streets of Deceit: Her loud Words are heard in the broad-ways: She never wears her Eyes but when she goes abroad; Now she is without, now she is in the Street, and lies in wait in every turning: ) So she is a Saint, abroad, and a Devil at home: She caught him, inveigled him, and kissed him, and impudently spake to him. I have Peace-offerings with me, to appease the Justice of God, and to stifle the secret Convictions of thy Conscience: This day have I paid my Vows, and have vowed to love Thee.*

*Therefore came I forth to meet thee, and have found thee unexpected; I have decked my Bed with coverings of Tapestry: With carved Works according to thy enlarged Phancy, and with fine Linnen of seeming Innocency: I have perfumed my Nest with Myrrh, Aloes and Cinnamon: Come and let us take our fill of Love until the Morning dawn upon us, if ever; Let us solace our selves with Pleasures until the Eternal Aurora appears, though perhaps never: For the Man of the Family is not at home: The Spirit of this World my Husband is gone a long Journey: [This Husband she hath married only as a Cloak for her filthy Lust.]*

*He hath taken a Bag of Treasures with him, to wait upon the Creator his Master, whose Embassador he is, and will come home at the day appointed.*

*With her much fair Speech she caused him to yield, with the flattering of her Lips she forced him.*

*He goes after Her straightway, as an Ox to the slaughter, or a Fowl to the Correction of the Stocks: Till a Dart strike through his Heart; as a Bird that is caught in the snare, and is taken in an evil Net, not knowing that it is for his Eternal Life.*

## S. 3. Seven-fold Vice.

**B**UT, O Son of Man, consider, let not thy Heart be taken with her, incline not towards her Paths : For she hath cast down many wounded : Yea, many Valiant Heroes, who came from Heaven have been slain by her : Her House is a Cave leading to Hell, going down to the dark Chambers of Eternal Death.

And as this Pestilent Whore bawleth in every Corner, to watch and inveigle Souls : So also the fair Virgin cryeth in the Gates of every Humane City : Though with a far different Voice, for her Voice is a still small Voice, and yet it is heard in quiet, by the Wise, more than the cry of him, that ruleth among Fools : She hath erected a House in Heaven to entertain her Bridegroom, she hath hewn out seven Pillars, whereon are engraven the seven Rewards of Vertue, or the Goods of Fortune ? She hath sent forth Maidens, the five senses Virgins to invite Souls : She cryeth upon the high Places of Mans City : Yet being despised, she for the Souls sake invites him.

Who so is simple, let him come in hither : how long O scorner wilt thou scorn me who wish thee well ? O Fool how long wilt thou hate that which is for thy good ? Because I have called and thou wouldst not answer, though thou didst hear my Voice in thy Conscience : Because I have piped to thee and thou wouldst not Dance : And I mourned for thee, and thou hast not sympathized ; therefore the Time shall come that thou shalt call to me, but I shall be married to another : Who was thy Rival, in the time when I would have consummated the Wedding with thee.

Be not entangled with one that will bring thy  
Soul

Soul to ruine: and who is far inferiour to the Souls Nobility: For there are an indefinite number of these gone out into the World to trapan Mankind: Whereof there are variety of kinds, but especially seven: As sprung forth from the Mystical *Mother of Harlots*.

They Lust after the best, richest, greenest, fairest, strongest, tallest, wittiest, soundest, noblest, and most durable Essences: And they find too many humane Souls fit for their turn: They perceive that the Souls of Men are Eternal and Excellent, Fair, Lovely, and Lively Essences: As being made after the Image and Similitude of the Divine Being: Now every Created Being lusteth after something that is of a higher Nature than it self, that in the Fruition thereof, it self may be perfected.

S. 4. *The Blind falling Headlong.*

**F**OR every Creature groaneth and travelleth for its own Perfection: But cannot attain it without the Assistance of some one above him: Hence it is, that this sevenfold Whorish Spirit is become an earnest Attractor and Enticer of the immortal Souls of *Adam's* off-spring.

And for to solemnize the Wedding-feast, she furnishes her Table, and presents Man with the delicate Dishes of Pleasure, and false Joy: viz. [Counters for Gold.]

But when she hath once got the Poor Soul within her Net, and cropt off the Flower of the noble Affections of the Heart, which the right Virgin should have had, and so spoiled the Spirit of the Mind with a false Vizzard, or Mark of Infection, when Mans Body fall as a Leaf to the Grave, and the

the Souls Wedding-day draws on, and he is to be settled in one of the two Eternal States: Then this false Whore crieth.

Aha! Thou humane Soul, thou art Eternal, I am but Temporal and Mortal and thou dost partake of my Mortality: Eternally to seek Death and yet never Die: ) I had my Pleasure with thee: Go now into Eternity, I indeed was only the cause of alluring of thee to Sin: But now thou must answer for it thy self: I am but for a time: In the end I return to the Original Abyss of Nihility.

Now here ariseth a great Question, seeing Mans fate is so dismal, *Whether hath his unlucky Soul sinned or his Parents, that he is thus born Blind?*

*Ans.* No Soul is born stark Blind: But if some one should be so born, yet there is Virtue bestowed, through the Merit of the perfect Sacrifice, upon every Soul to open his blind Eyes, if he do not wilfully neglect the means of washing them in the Pool to which he is sent. But if he will not go where his Virgins great Champion and Physician doth send him, then let him groap in his Blindness: For there is no Man that hath Power over his Spirit, and passionate Mind, (that loves a Harlot, ) without the Assistance of the foresaid great Counsellour, Prince of Peace, in Mental Calmness.

Now these foresaid Whorish Jezebels have painted their Faces, and adorned themselves with an Image of seeming Beauty (like the Fruits of Sodom which when touched will fall into Ashes) but no real Beauty: They lay wait at the Head of every Humane Street: Some are like Harlots that receive hire: And some scorn hire like Maistrons that commit Adultery, and take Strangers to defile their Husbands Beds: And are contrary to common Harlots, in that they give Gifts to all Lovers, that they may come to defile them. S. 5.



§. 3. *For Destruction of the Individuum.*

**F**irst the Thief or surveying [ Harlot ] that surveys the whole World, comes, and saith, *All this will I give thee, if thou Marry me, and be joyned to my Nature in the Bed of my Friendship under Ground: There I will nourish thee, and thou shalt have the Entrails of the Earth for thy Chest and Coffer: But I do not promise thee to see Day-light for many a Year, if ever: But there ( like a Slave in the *American* Mines, ) thou shalt see Gold and Silver enough, and thou shalt sleep among the heaped Treasures.*

But the Spirit of the Soul, cryeth, O this is not Happiness, O who will release me out of this under-ground Prison? If this were Felicity, then my Purse would be better than my self: A Horse is not esteemed by his Trappings, nor a Man by his Rich Concubine.

The Womb of this Whore is a snare of Temptation: Which catcheth in the Pit of Perdition: She gapes like a Gulf for the Mind of Man: And spreads like a Sea for his Soul: She is beautified by the Hand of her Whorish Mother: Who writes on her Face, sweet Solace.

But O Son of Man, Child of God, legal Heir of the Kingdom of Heaven: If thou hast Oxen, do thou offer Oblations: And if thou hast Sheep, thou shalt Sacrifice to God: And if thou hast Children; thou shalt candidly Consecrate them: With the Wife of thy Wedlock to the Lord: That his Heavenly Blessings may be upon thee: Which the World doth hold for a Curse: And yet knows not the Curse on the earthly Blessings: Nor how they are a Curse unto them.

G

Who

Who strive for Content in much : But when they have much are hungry : Yea they thirst as the gaping Grave, whose Womb consumes them that gape after her. But if thou hast the Virgin, be thou content : For she will make thee to flourish as a fruitful Field : Thy Gardens shall be garnished with Greens : With the fashions and fragrancies of Flowers : Having Hope thy Seed shall spring up : And in Faith shalt thou fill thy Vessels.

+ If this [ Harlot ] cannot prevail, then comes the Riotous, Luxurious or Swinish [ Jezebel ] I see (saith she) thou art a quiet harmless Man : Wilt thou therefore live in Joy ? Get thee Wine and strong Drink : Drink until the Poyson thereof be enraged : Quaff this noble Liquor in Bowls : Strive to conquer thy Companions in the Valour of Bacchus's Souldiers : *Eat the Lambs out of the Flock, and Calves out of the Stall :* And make thy Body as mine is, a Sepulchre of Dead Carkasses.

Put far away the Evil Day : Let not thy Conscience trouble thee, nor Reproofs awaken thee : So thou shalt be an easie-hearted Sot or Voluptuous Hog-like Epicure, of whom much shall be made in the Swine-house, until thou be fully fattened for the House of Slaughter : Come therefore along with me to the Banquetting house : And we will cast away Care, and remove that Melancholick Fit with a che-rupping Glas : We will treat thee with variety of Dishes (dressed after a new Fashion,) with poignant Sawces : We will rant it, and *make merry over* the Witness of God in the Conscience : For this Solace is better than Gold or Silver : Spend it away prodigally upon thy Lusts, and gratifie thy Luxurious Palate. And we will anticipate Prayer in the Morning with the Incense of our burning Lusts as preferring Sacrifice before Devotion. Oh

Oh but in the midst of my Mirth, my Heart is  
 sad, saith the Souls Spirit: I was but now bathing  
 in a River of Wine: But what's the Matter? What  
 are these qualms upon my Stomack? They seem  
 now to revenge my out-daring of *Bacchus's* Foes,  
 because I was not a fit Souldier for his Service:  
 Therefore his Chirurgion hath given me some of  
 his Pills, which now I cast up by filthy Vomitings  
 and Spewings: Sure he will give me a Foil at Wrest-  
 ling: Thus I shall stumble over the Dead, and reel  
 into a Grave of Worms and Serpents, who will be  
 drunk with my Blood. Therefore, O thou naturally  
 sound and healthful Spirit of Man: The Luxurious  
 is as full of Diseases as an Hospital: For as the  
 Night doth call him to the Supper of Surfeit: And  
 as the Morning doth rouze him to his Breakfast:  
 He languisheth in the hunger of his Lust, making  
 but one Meal a Day: Until he hath glutted himself  
 with the Dainties of his Delights: And thus eat-  
 ing, He *wiperh his Mouth in a Corner*: Accompanied  
 with his Drunken Hostess: Whose Body is a Pit  
 of Poyson: "But to touch it, is danger of Death:  
 "Therefore rather than Dine on her Delicates;  
 "do thou mingle thy Meat with Mourning.

§. 6. *For spoiling the Souls Sport.*

Then comes a Third, the sluggish [Harlot]  
 come my Dear (saith she) we will go to  
 the Gaming-house, or, if thou please, to the *Tem-*  
*ple of the Gods, where we will send for the blind*  
*Lover our Captive to make us some Sport*: We will  
 have Musick and Dancing: We will wheel about  
 our God: Now our Bellies are glutted with the  
 butcherly and bloody Sacrifice of Beasts, *we will rise*

*up to Play : We will lye upon Beds of Ivory, and stretch our selves upon our Lazy Couches : We will chant to the sound of the Viol : And invent to our selves Instruments of Musick like David, the sweet Psalmist of Israel : We will sing his Psalms in Canting and Mocking of God.*

But O Man consider, " Give not thy Heart to the " Musick of false Mirth : Tremble to tread in the " Tracks of it : Use the Cross as thy Crutches to " bear thee upright in the Way : Nail the Flesh to " the Fashion thereof : And the Spirit shall save the " Soul. *Give not sleep, O Man to thine Eyes ; nor slumber to thine Eye-lids : Until thou find an Habitation for thy self with thy Virgin : For thou art born to a good Fortune : When O Sluggard wilt thou awake from thy sleep ? The Day is far spent : Go to the Ant : Consider her ways, and be wise at last.*

If not, this Harlot hath prepared a Net of Mischiefe to ensnare thee : She will hunt thee into her Pit : As thou didst drive the Beasts of thy own Image into the Nooze to be slain : So she will draw thee as a Beast into the depth of her Dungeon : But the Counsel of the Virgin is the safety of Defence : Which delivers thee from the sweep of her Dragg : It saves thee from sliding in the slippery Places : And stablisheth thy standing on the Rock. Avoid Her that enticeth into every treacherous Trap : And allureth into the Doors of Destruction : She polisheth her Parlour with artificial carved Images ; and with the works of most curious Limners : Her Entry inviteth with the Odors of Perfumes : But her Bed is the Infection of Plague : Her Breath is the Contagion of Death : And her Breasts the Bottles of Bane : He that layeth his Head to repose between them, shall be smothered in a deep sleep.

Enter

Enter thou not into the Doors of her House: Lest her allurements should murder thy simplicity: For she will entice thee with all things that are lovely to the Eye: But her purpose is to an end of Slaughter: Mark the Line of her Path: And behold whom she catcheth with her Hook: He that studies the steps of her Feet; runs swift to the Doom of Destruction: But he that seeks deliverance from her Door, shall dwell in the Temple of God: He shall draw to a Rest from the Travel of Iniquity, which shall compass his Soul with Salvation.

If this will not do, then comes another, the Crafty Witch: Saying, come to my School, and I will make thee a Necromancer: I will teach thee all the Philosophical Learning of the World, and the highest Contemplation of things: Thou shalt understand how the Worlds Wheel is rolled about: And how the Chain of Eternity is entangled by an indissoluble Band: So thou shalt be accounted the Wise *Magus* among the People.

O! I will not do so, saith the right Spirit of the Soul: I am afraid of the Deep of Deeps: Lest I fall headlong into the Abyss; and by searching and seeking the Universal Tincture, I may get a wound in my Soul, and then I shall be sent to finish my Contemplation in a Circle of Misery.

Therefore O Man be wise: This false Wisdom is a snare of Death; which is hid from the Eye of Man: He seeth not her mischievous End: Because she hath made his Day a Curse: She bewitched by enchantments a couple in Paradise, and dragged them from Life to Death. And bolted their Generations within the Doors of Darkness: And locked them from the Light of the Day. Beware therefore lest she lead thee by her subtle Art and Serpentine



Wisdom, *To taste of the Tree of Knowledge of Evil and Good: Whose Fruit is desirable to make one wise: And to open the Eyes of Curiosity.*

§. 7. *For hindering the Propagation of the Species.*

**B**UT anon the *Amazonian* shews her self, whose hand is against every one, and every ones hand against her: She will accompany thee in a Virile Garb to the Field of *Mars*, and lead thee to *Akel-dama*: She will beat *Plough-shares* into *Swords*, and perfume thy Nostrils with the stink of her murdering Powder.

She will persuade thee to cut off many of thy fellow-Creatures, as a mighty Hunter of Men before the Lord; as if the Earth were too narrow to maintain such a numberless number of Men in the same world, saying: Keep up thy Pomp gallantly, and oppress all monyleess Wretches and Widows: Make many Martyrs by thy Sword of Cruelty and Rigour.

Search for the paths which the Lyons Whelps have not trodden, and which the Vultures Eye hath not seen: For there is a Vein for the Silver, and a Place for the hidden Treasures of Gold: But the Martial Iron is Lord of both: Dig therewith into the Bowels of thy Fellow-Offspring, and see if the Golden Mine be there or no. If any oppose thee, see here, I give thee these snaky Hairs, as so many Furies in the Conscience.

O no, I had rather (saith the Souls Spirit) dwell in the Corner of a poor Cottage, in content and quietness, than with a brawling Whore (such as thou art) in a wide Habitation. I had rather sleep in a whole Skin, than to boast of Wounds and Scars upon my Body: Let Cyrus (if he like it) glut himself in his Bowl of Blood:

Blood : I love not his Mefs; *I am weary with fuch Sacrifices.*

This Martial Strumpet drags the Valiant by the Noſe, and the Lofty by the Fore-lock : Yea, the Mighty do plunge in her Bloody Pit, which ſwallows them as Sops into her Womb : The Fruit of her Womb is the firſt-born of *Tophet*, which was in the beginning a Devil : Whoſe Jaws are the Gates of Hell to ſlaughter the Soul, and to ſpill the Blood of the Bleſſed : But turn thou thy Windows from her Martial Colours, leſt her Drums and loud Muſick ſtop thy Ears from hearing the Virgins Voice : And that ſhe ſhould bite thee with the Teeth of an Aſp, and thou be ſtung to death with her Venom.

But O Immortal Man, Love thou the Virgin of Innocency, and ſhe ſhall ſurround thy Scituation like a Silver Munition, and be for ever to thy Gladneſs the Glory of a Golden Dwelling.

If this cannot prevail upon the Soul, then comes the luſtful unſatisfied Harlot; ſaying : What ? wilt thou dye without a Child of thy Luſt to receive thy Soul by a Transmigration of the Humane Nature into the Beſtial: Behold, the Sylphs and Nymphs of the Woods, Mountains and Waters are in Love with thee, and will entertain thee in the Garden of Delights.

O ( ſaith the Soul, having found the deceit of this Strumpets embraces, ) now I enjoy the Sweet-heart of my fading Youth, which to fetch I endangered my precious Life, by paſſing through a fierce Fire of infernal Adultery: The Fire of my Paſſion is not ſo fierce as it was: When I was further from my deſired Fire, I burned ( me thought ) with *Myrrha* more violently by a ſecret Conceit : Therefore now my Mind is variable, and wanders after freſh Lovers : I thirſt as the unſatisfied Womb, which receiveth without Conception.

O thou fair Angel, consider, whom thou eagerly longest after: It is the Catamite-Strumpet, He that toucheth her Flesh is tainted with her Filthiness: And he that goeth in unto her, corrupteth his Soul: She makes a Man as a Monster: And an unspotted Lamb, as a Leopard: Her false Pleasures are as many Ponds, where Serpents, Toads, and Vipers, do drink: Their Palates do delight to pamper with Poyson: For their Nature is one with the Venom.

The Love of their Lust doth Sacrifice their Seed to *Molech*: And infects them with the stink of the Stews: There is not a Man that dwells in their House, That saith no more, I have enough. But their Heart is as a tired travelling Pilgrim, that cannot find a lodge of Repose. They flame in their Bowels as a burning Bush; and cannot find Water to quench it. They fill up their bundle as a Fag-got of Fuel: To blaze in the Torment of *Tophet*.

§. 8. *For degrading the Soul.*

**L**Astly, the imperious Harlot saith, if all did bow down before thee as before God: O what a brave fellow shouldst thou be! Then thou couldst rule by force over the Virgin, and make her Hand-maid to thy ambitious Harlot.

But many a Soul in the midst of these enjoyments, is often struck with a Panick fear, and knows not whence it comes: For the Virgin who causeth it, is become a Stranger to her Flesh and Blood: O (saith he) I have conquered in Triumph over one World, now I Lust after another *Utopia*.

But as the Philosopher told the great Conqueror, there are innumerable Worlds: How then doth it seem so difficult to me to gain the Government of one?

one? I will sit down and weep and search my own little World: Wo to him that wandereth out of it: And wo to him that goes not out of himself, and out of his own mortal World: And yet as little as this World is: Many a Man cannot Travel to the utmost bounds of it, in the whole compass of his Live: For it is a very long Journey to their own true Native World.

O Man this is she that draws to a draught of desire: To Drink up Dominions like a Dram: And in a Compendious Circle would compass all Crowns: And trample upon Thrones as Trifles.

The Entireness of Empires could not extinguish his enterprizes: Except he be greater than God: But wait thou with wariness: That the haughty Hand may not tear down thy Tent: Mark the Example of *Jesus* the Just; who joined not to the Joys that the *Jews* would have given him.

He was a King without Enjoyment of the earthly Kingdom, or Contemplation of the corruptible Crown: He was a Prince, a Pilgrimage of Passions: Without the Propriety of a supposed Palace: Thou shalt tread in the Trace of his Travel: And run in the Race of his Righteousness. Thou shalt obey his Message as thy Master in Meekness; and Honour him in the House of Humility. And then the Blessings which he preached shall be thy proper Possession; with the Constitution of a Kingdom and Crown.

The Glory of the World runs down as a Minute: But the Crown of Gods Kingdom lasteth for ever.

§. 9. *The Divine Reprover in the Conscience.*

**N**OW when the Soul is in Love with any thing that it fancies: Give him the choicest Pleasures: Proffer him the fairest Virgins: Yet they are slighted and contemned in Comparifon of the one thing loved and longed after. In this fenfe Love is called Blind.

So the Spirit of the Soul is in Love with his appointed Virgin, and therefore is ftill unfatisfied, difcontented, murmureth, grumbleth, repinaeth, whineth, pricketh, vexeth, and worrieth Man, and difturbeth his Peace in the Conscience, when ever he goes to look after other Lovers; crying, ( as it were plucking him by the Skirt, or twitching him by the Ear, ) *This is the right way walk in it, when the Soul is in the Wildernefs wandring after his Lovers.*

And he often fees *the burning Bush* of his Heart on Fire, and well may he wonder that *it is not consumed*: This Fire is the Flame of the Virgins Love to him.

O therefore *turn afide and fee this great miraculous fight*: And look back and liften to the *Voice behind thee*: And if thou turn thy courfe; then the Voice that was behind thee in thy own Wildernefs; will go before thee, and lead thee into the Land of Eternal Reft.

Now thefe Whores are they that aim at Mans ruine by Emulation, for they envy that Mans Soul fhould be a Favourite of the Deity: But if Man would Love Gods Daughter, ſhe would keep him from the *Strange Woman*: Who forfook the Guide of her Youth, and would allure Man to do fo too, and  
to



to forget his Contract or Covenant with the Virgin.

*Her House declineth to Death, and her Paths to Hell: None that go into her return again: Lust not after her false Beauty in thy Heart, neither let her take thee with her Eye-lids: For by means of a whorish Woman Man is brought to a piece of mouldy Bread: And the Adulteress hunts for the precious Life. Can one go on hot Coals of a Phantastical Passion, and his Feet not be burnt as in the Fire of Hell?*

*Men do not despise a Thief, if he steal to satisfy his Soul, when it craves and longs after the right Food being withheld from it by the Fancy: But if he be found, he shall restore sevenfold, according to Gods Ballance and right Measure: But whosoever committeth Adultery with the Wife of the Spirit of the World, destroyeth his own Soul: A wound and dishonourable stigmatized Mark shall he get, which shall never be wiped away, in this World or in that to come. For Jealousie is the rage of a Rival: Therefore he will not spare in the Day of Vengeance; he will not regard any Ransom, neither will he rest Content, though thou givest all that thou art worth: Neither will the Spirit of the Soul be reconciled, though thou shouldst give him all the Substance of thine House for a Bribe.*

§. 10. *Misery the End of Vice.*

**N**OW the Covenant is a Lamp, and the Law of Loving the Virgin is Eternal Life: And the reproof of her Instruction is the high Way to Heaven: When thou goest she shall lead thee: When thou sleepest she shall keep thee: When thou art awake she shall talk with thee in Divine Contemplation: By her thy Days shall be multiplied upon the Eternal Earth, and the Years of thy immortal Life shall be endless: Therefore keep  
thy

*thy Heart true to the Virgin with all Diligence, for out of it are the issues of Life and Death: Believe not the Whore in her flattering Speech, for she is a Lyar, when she cries, Stolen Waters are sweet, and a secret Banquet in a Corner of Darknes is pleasant. Be sure that her Cave leads to the Shadow of Death, and her Guests go to the Depths of Hell. And a desperate wo is pronounced against them that delight to lurk in the holes of Guilt, and despise the light of Purity, lest their Deeds should be reprov'd.*

Come to my Tavern saith she, It is indeed a House of Sin, but not of Darknes: For our Candles and hellish Squibs never go out: It is like a Country near the Frozen Zone, as clear at Midnight as at Noon.

Beware therefore O humane Souldier: For armed Mars doth not so much wound thee as this naked Venus.

The Sorceresses Mouth drops as the Honey-comb, and her Lips are smother then Oil, but her end is as Wormwood; it will cost the Soul that loves her many a bitter Tear: Her Instruments are sharp as a two edg'd Sword: It will cut the Conscience to the Heart.

Her Feet go down to the Abyfs: And her steps lead to the Hell of Eternal horror. Lest thou ponder the Paths of Life: Her ways are moveable, that thou canst not know them: Remove thy way therefore far from her: And come not nigh the Doors of her House.

## C H A P. VII.

### The Virgins Espousal.

#### §. 1. Reconcilement.

**I**F the Soul recant and change his Mind, Fair Virgin-Vertue bearing no grudge in her pure Mind, welcometh and entertains him again most joyfully, (unless he be stigmatized with the Disease of the Stews,) and so renews their mutual Acquaintance: And the Virgin wandring in her Shepherds Rural Fields: The long absence of her late Beloved had grieved her Spirit: She had enquired of Passengers, did they see a Shepherd passing along that way? They answered: No: *It was but a little that I passed from them (saith she) even from the pretended Guides into Paradise, but I found him whom my Soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go, until I had perswaded him to come into my Virgin-Mothers Habitation in Heaven, and into the Chamber of her that conceived me of the Divine Seed. Who is this (said the neighbouring Angels, who were Proxime to the Deity, as Princes before a Monarch) Virgin that cometh out of the Wilderness of Wo and Despair, leaning upon the Breasts of her Beloved? I raised thee up (said he) under the Tree of Life, there thy Virgin-Mother brought thee forth, in the upper Paradise: There she conceived thee as an Holy Birth of Newness of Life in the Womb of her Virgin-Purity. I charge you, O ye Daughters of the Holy City, (said she) by the Roes of Paradise, and by the Hinds of Edens fair Fields, that ye stir not up nor awake my Be-*  
*loved*

*loved until he please, for he is very weary after his Journey and long Travel upon the Mountains of Vanity: And requires a due time of Rest from his Labours and vain Wandrings. And now the wearied Bees return home with laden Thighs: The tired wandering Sheep that had forgotten their resting place, have found their Fold of rest, where they may lye down with the Leopards in a safe and quiet repose. And now when I perceived how he admired my transcendant Beauty, and the form of God in my aspect. My Cheeks being comely with rows of precious Jewels; and how I was adorned with Topazes and Rubies, with Amethysts and Sapphires, with Diamonds and Gold: I gave him a present of borders of Gold with knobs of Silver, and the richest Gems. For our Mountains are big with Mines, and the Veins of our hidden Treasures are Infinite. When my Royal Shepherd sits at my Table, my Spiknard sends forth the Odours thereof: A bundle of Myrrh is my welbeloved unto me: My Pastoral Friend is unto me as a Cluster of Camphire in the Vineyards of Eden. Because of the Savour of this pure Ointment, wherewith I besprinkled thee, thy new Name of Vertue is as heavenly Oil poured forth out of Golden Vials full of sacred Odours.*

§. 2. *Consecration of the Soul.*

**I** *Am the Holy Rose, and the Lilly of the low Vallies: As the Lilly among Thorns, so is my Love (said he) among the Daughters of Vanity: As the Apple-tree of Eternal Life among the Trees of the divided Properties in the Wood. So is my Beloved among the Sons of worldly Wisdom: I sate down under his Shadow with great Delight, and the Fruits of his rural Trees were sweet to my Taste: He brought*

brought me to his Banqueting Arbor, and his Banner over me was the Canopy of Love. I am come (said he) into my Gardens, my Sister: I have led thee through a Wilderness, my Spouse; I have conducted thee into the Meadows of May: Blessed be the Hour that first I saw thy Face: I have brought thee to the Rivers of Milk and Honey which flow in this Land of Rest and Rural Refreshment. Thou hast accompanied me, my lovely Mate, to the Mountains of Myrrh and the Holy Hills of Frankincense: I have gathered my Flowers (said I) in the Meadows, with my Aroma's in the Vallies. Here in this perfect State of Holiness the Earth is not unburdened with Tillage, neither is it wounded with Culture: Come now (said he) O fair Virgin of Purity, sit down with me under this Vine and under this Fig-tree, where none can make us afraid: And we will take a walk in the calm Evening, in the cool of the Eternal Day, and the Divine Springs and aquæducts shall refresh our Spirits after our Journey: Thy Breath is as the Odors of Myrrh, as the pure gale of Refreshment upon my late-languishing Spirits: Awake O Eternally-breathing Spirit, Come thou Divine Wind, and blow upon the Garden of my longing Heart, that the Spices thereof may flow out to the rejoycing of our Minds. Come my fair one into my rural Garden, and eat these pleasant Fruits. I have gathered my Spice with my Myrrh: I have prepared my Honey-comb with my Honey: I have mingled my Wine with my Milk: I nourish a Cow and two Sheep: And for the abundance of pure Nectar that they supply me with, I never want Soul-refreshment: For Honey and Etherial Cream doth every one Eat that is left in this Land of Rest, and such Food that is innocently prepared for the Everlasting health of the Soul. I will treat thee with the

\* \* \*

Arabian



*Arabian Aroma's, with the Oriental Gems, the Palms of Asia, the Wine of Pomegranates, the American Pine-Apples, the most delicious Cordials, and the purest Elixir and Quintessential Vertues of Paradise. How fair is thy Love, my Sister my Spouse? How much better is thy Love than Wine: Honey and Milk are under thy Tongue, and the smell of thy Garments like the odours of the Holy Groves.*

S. 3. *Full Assurance.*

**O** Thou my Souls Joy, my Virgin-Solace: *The smell of thy Vesture is like a fragrant flowering Meadow which the Lord hath Blessed: Thy Lips (O my Espoused Lady) drop as the Honey-comb, and the smell of thy Heavenly Ointment is more fragrant than all Spices.* Therefore come, thou fair Object of my Love, we will ascend to the Top of the Holy Mount; where we shall have a prospect of the Holy Land: There the floriferous Hills look big with innocent Flocks, and the Fruit-bearing Vallies with lowing Herds; supplying the Babes of the new Birth with sincere Milk: The winged Aerials in the Vocal Forrests now turn Serenades: And every flower and flourishing blossom in the florid Plains perfume the chaste Air with most delicious Odorates. The pretty Lambs true Pictures of innocent Recreation (poor Animals) skip upon the Mountains of Pleasure, bleating in the Pastures of Purity: But the boggy swamps and marishes are crowded with Amphibious Creatures, with whom I care not to converse. The Hares fly not here for fear: For the ravenous Hound in this Countrey finds other Food suitable to his Palate: *Thy Plants O Divine Vertue, are an Orchard of Pomegranates, with pleasant Fruits of the Tree of Everlasting*

verlasting Life: *Saffron and Cinnamon, with Frankincense.* This *Fountain* that watereth the knots of *Paradise*, this *Well-Spring of living Waters springing up in my Soul to Everlasting Life*, and the Eternal Satisfaction of my fiery thirist; these Silver Streams that glide so softly, and with their warbling sound and murmuring melody recreate my tired Passion of Love: These Rivulets which bound upon the Banks of *Eden* strewed with odoriferous Garlands of Prayers and Praises: This Field of fair Flowers, even all these shall be *shut up and sealed* to the use of the Divine Nature. *Let my Beloved kiss me* (said she) *with the kisses of his pure Mouth: For his Love is better than the chearing Wine of Pomegranates: Thy Lips, O my Dear Spouse* (said he) *drop as with pure Manna: Stay me with Flagons of blessed Nectar* (said she) *and comfort my Love passion with Pine-Apples of Eternal Life: For I am now sick of Love.*

#### §. 4. Perfect Liberty.

**T**hen (said he) inspire the odours of thy Soul-ravishing Breath into my Mouth and Heart and let it eternally breath upon the Fire of Love in my Soul. Yes (said she) I will be thy Eternal Satisfaction, and Everlasting Refreshment to thy late-passionate Spirit: *Let thy left Hand be under my Head, and let thy Right Hand of true Love embrace me for ever. I will wipe away from thy Eyes all Tears of Sorrows, over which thou didst swim as over an Ocean of despair to seek after me, and find me to the Joy of thy Heart, in this thy Rural Paradise the Suburbs of Heaven: So naturally is Innocency planted here, that nothing knows its Enemy, because no Enemy to know: Unity and Harmony are*  
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insepa-

inseparable Companions : And every *Individuum* knows no Argument but Love, whose Law is alike forcible to others, as the Law of Harmony is united in it self : For nothing doth Sorrow, nor can any thing grieve, in as much as there is no cause of Suffering, or desire of Revenge. Of late I wished *thou wert as a Brother that sucked my Virgin-Mothers pure Breasts* : And now my wish is fulfilled : *When I should find thee without thy Shepherds Arbour, or if I should light upon thee in thy late-forsaken pleasant walks, I would be so familiar with thee that I would kiss thee, and fill thy Soul with the Odoriferous Myrrh of my Holy Breath* : Yea now I know and am Confident *I should not be despised*. I will lead and guide thee by the motions of my pure Spirit, and by the Inspiration of my Vocal Gale, *into my Virgin-Mothers House* : Into the Habitation of Gods Holy Bride : *She will instruct me how to please thee* : There I will cause thee in token of gratuity for all thy loving Kindnesses and Courtesies which thou hast shown unto thy endeared and faithful Spouse, to drink and be refreshed with the spiced Wine which I prepared for thee, and the pleasant Juice of my Pomegranate.

#### §. 5. Religious Vows.

**I** Remember thee, and the kindness of thy Youth, and the Love of thine espousal : When thou wast after me into the Wilderness, into a Land that was not sown : Behold thy Time is a Time of Love. Behold O Virgin, I will enter into Covenant with thee : Then said I, I am my beloveds, and my beloved is mine, and his desire is toward me. I will anoint thee with Holy Oil : I will cloath thee with broidered Work wrought by the Virgins of Heavens : I will gird thee with the Linnen

of Innocency, and cover thee with the Silk of Sincerity: I will deck thee with Angelical Ornaments: I will put a beautiful Crown upon thy Head: I will deck thee with Gold and Gems: I will write thy Injuries upon the Dust: And thy Kindnesses upon Eternal Marble. Thou shalt eat with me in my Fathers Palace, fine Flower, Honey, and Oil: And thou shalt be exceeding beautiful, and shalt prosper into a Kingdom, and thy renown shall go forth among the Heavens for bravery: For it shall be perfect and eminent through my comeliness which I will put on thee. O Virgins! behold the Shepherd, behold the humane King, go forth O ye Daughters of the Deity: And behold him with the Crown wherewith his Mother Gods Eternal Bride crowned him in the Holy Day of his blessed Esponsals, and the gladness of his Heart; for it is the best work that ever he did to make a Covenant, and be betrothed to the Virgin fair Vertue, if he do not break it: Else it will be his Eternal Horror and cause of Everlasting Repentance, if he prove faithless: Better it is he should not Vow unto me, then Vow and not perform.

#### §. 6. Resolution.

**I** Gave my Royal Shepherd a Chariot of the Wood Lebanon (i. e.) white Moon: of the Cœlestial Forrest: The Pillars were of Silver, the Bottom of Gold, the Canopy of Purple, the midst thereof being paved with the Love of fair Vertue, or pure Pleasure for the Divine Daughters of the Holy City. Now set me as a seal upon thine Heart: As a Divine Stamp upon thine Arm: Think upon me, and the ways of Vertue, as thou walkest in the way, and as thou sittest and owest and as thou risest up. For my Love to the

In the Original it is *Lebanon*, and signifies the white Moon.

is as strong as Death: My Jealousie will be cruel as the Grove, it will devour the perjured Soul ( if thou prove false to thy Vow ) in Eternal Death: But O God my Father, may that never be! For the coals of Jealousie are as coals of Eternal Fire, which hath a most cruel Scorching Flame of Torment: Many Waters of Sorrows cannot quench my Love to thee: Neither can the Floods drown it: Neither can the Rivers or Tears of a thousand Suitors and Rivals to thee stop the burning thereof. If one should give all Substance of his House for my Love, it would be utterly contemned. And so if thou abusest me hereafter, and runnest gadding in thy Mind after other Lovers, though thou shouldst give all that thy Soul and Body are worth, and all the Substance of thy House for the enjoyment of me the third time, it will be utterly rejected and despised as a vain trifle. Take notice of it: And be true to me thy Spouse. After this Day the Divine Damsels saw me and praised me with this Blessing: Be thou Mother of thousands of Millions: And the Author of a numberless number to People the Celestial City by the new Regeneration: And let thy Seed possess the Gates of Heaven which Lucifer lost: Build thou the House of the Humane Off-spring: Thou art our Sister: Do thou worthily in Heaven and be thou favours in Paradise. And this was the Contract, that the Wedding must be solemnized in the presence of the King our Father, on the Day of my Bridegrooms putting off his Earthly Tabernacle and Elementary Robe. Now Happy is the Man that can arrive to the Haven of so great a Happiness as this: so as to find Virgin-Virtue, God's most Beautiful Daughter, called also pure Pleasure, or Divine Delight of the Son of Man: For her Prize is far above Rates.



## §. 7. Seven-fold Vertue.

NOW these Cœlestial Virgins are of different Degrees; for some Vertues are predominant in these, which are weak in those: And yet all clothed with the Garments of Unity. 1. One is a good House-keeper and diligent as the Bee: *The Heart of her espoused doth safely trust in her: So that he need fear no spoil: She seeketh Flax and Wool, she worketh willingly with her Hands: She is like the Merchants Ships: She bringeth her Food from a far: She considereth a Field in fair Eden, and buys it: With the Fruit of her Hands, she planteth a Vineyard of Refreshing Bowers: She lays her Hands to the Distaff, and her Candle goes not out in the Eternal Night: She reacheth forth her Hands to the needy: And all her household are clothed with Scarlet: She makes her self coverings of Tapestry: Her Garments are Silk and Purple.* 2. Another is skilled by Divine Wisdom, in playing upon Instruments of Musick: She inventeth means for the Recreation of Humane Life: She maketh Songs in the Praise of her Creator and Father: *The Workmanship of her Tabrets were prepared in her in the Day that she was Created;* whereby she chaſeth the evil Spirit, that troubleth the Humane Mind. 3. A third by her Politick skill in Martial Discipline, delivereth a besieged Microcosmical City surrounded by *Lucifer* and his Souldiers, by causing one Man the Offender to dye, whose Head shall be thrown over the Wall, that the whole City perish not. This is the anoynted Virago. 4. Another is more beautiful and amiable in her Divine Form, as clothed with the Shape of God, and bearing the very Picture of her Virgin-Mother in her Lovely Visage, as they indeed all do, but this in an especial Man-

ner: She is most meek and courteous in Carriage, and Communication, therefore the froward and grudge-bearing Sycophant shall never partake of her Love. 5. Another is wise in true Wisdom, and foretelleth of Evils which are like to befall a Humane Soul that is espoused to her, if he observe the Divine Motion of her pure Gale *in the cool of the blessed Day*: She reveals hidden Mysteries to the Humane Spirit that loveth her: Thus though also she be acute and eloquent, yet she is intirely Sincere. This is the Angelical Philosopher and Prophetess. 6. Another is sound and healthy, and by that means hath skill in the Plant of Life, and the Vertue thereof for the healing of Maladies in Humane Body and Soul. This is the Cœlestial Physitianess.

§. 8. *Seven-fold Reward.*

**L** Astly. The most Noble is she whose Cloathing is Divine Honour and Magnanimity; Majesty, and an Heroick Greatness of Spirit is in her Countenance: She is adorned with a generous Brightness, and *she shall rejoyce in time to come, in Eternity, and shine as the Celestial Star in the Holy World, as being brighter than the rest, as partaking more of the solar property: She openeth her Mouth as one speaking with Authority, yet in Modesty and Wisdom; yea, in her Tongue is the Law of Kindness: Her Children in the new Birth arise up and call her Blessed: Her Husband also, he praiseth her: Many Daughters have done Vertuously, but thou excellest them all: Tho' not equal with the Bride of the Anointed Champion, the Sister and Friend of the Great Messias. Fawning Favour is deceitful, and counterfeited Beauty is vain; but this Divine Virgin that*  
obeyeth

*obeyeth her Father, shall be praised : Give her of the Fruits of her Hands, and let her own Works praise her in the Gates of Heaven.* Thus in particular, Fair Vertue (which is pure Pleasure of the Soul) gives to the Soul that accepts of her, according to the capacity of the Receiver : 1. Treasures of Eternal Life. 2. A Clue of Thread to direct Man out of the Labyrinth of false Pleasures and Sports. 3. An Armour to resist *Lucifer*. 4. Jewels and Ornaments. 5. A Book of Prophecy, compiled by the Prince of Philosophers, and a new Name written therein. 6. Food, Bread, and Wine, without end ; proceeding from the Tree of Eternal Life. 7. A Golden Scepter to rule over the adverse party. Thus Man by accepting of a good Fortune proffered to him, doth become Rich, Sound, Prosperous, Wise, Potent, Fair and Noble, and so preferred to an Heavenly Dignity and Office.

§. 9. *Grace turned into Wantonness.*

**O** Man therefore be not so self-conceited and obstinate : Be not *Ofor Mulierum*, one that Disregards God, and the Desire of Women, *Dan. 11. 37.* An Hater of the fair Virgin : Be willing to enter into the holy Estate of Matrimony, for to this thou art purposely born : Else thy Soul (if thou refuse ) will be left to be tormented by the Demons, and thou wilt die the Eternal Death, for Love of a Harlot, whose Love thou shalt never enjoy. If thou art in love with the fair Virgin, have a care of abusing her, and offering Violence to her, by deflowring her : Tho' thou indeed shalt never be able to make her comply to thy false Will : Yet thy evil attempt before the Wedding (which is the Day of the Fall of the outward Body) will make thee guilty of her departure, and the fault shall Eternally

nally lie at thy Door. Do not thou like a Vagabond combine to put a trick upon the Virgin thy Spouse, and to murder thy dear Companions : If thou dost, be sure the Murder will come to light, for she will rise again to judge you both. Be not hasty in thy Choice, lest thou do that in a day, or unlucky hour, which cannot be undone in an Age of Eternity. But some may say, Nature seems cruel in this, That a fair young Man, the Soul, cannot dart his Eyes upon a supposed Beauty, without great peril of being wounded himself. *Ans.* Leave the Cross, and lose the Crown. The youthful Soul, who formerly took pleasure in Exploits and brave Actions, is now turned devout, and become a Zealous and Religious Votary, to some Feminine Beauty. O humane Soul, beware of Idolatry. As Christ descended into Hell, so must the Soul of Man too : That is, if he finds himself unworthy of all comfort in this World, and if things should fall cross with him in outward things, and if he should become the scorn of Devils, yet he esteems it all just, and according to his Deserts, so he obtains the Favour of God, and the Virgin again. He must descend into the Infernal Shadows, to seek and fetch her home again.

§. 10. *By Double-Heartedness.*

**H**E that keeps not the Virgins Love, for Love-sake; but supposeth he hath it for a Reward; to him it is most grievous, and he desires to be soon rid of it; and this is the Property of every Hireling, to desire and wish an End of his Toil. Whereas a true Lover thinks no Pains, Labour or Time too much and grievous, so he may but retain his love. If Vertue could be seen by Men in her own Natural Beauty, Naked, (said the Philosopher) Men would be wonderfully in  
love

love with her. But the Soul suspects the Virgins Purity, thinking to find the same impure lasciviousness in her, which he finds in himself: Another would willingly enjoy both: He loves the Virgin a little, and *Jezebel* a little: But the Virgin never appears in the Society of the incestuous Strumpet: And that is the Reason that the Soul often longs after her, and fetcheth many a deep sigh for her, when *in the midst of* vain Mirth and *Laughter, the heart is sad and heavy.* Tho' at long run, the Soul becomes tinctured by a false Ferment by the Whores Society: Also if the Virgin should appear in the House of this Trull, all the Ravenous Birds would have a peck at her. And that is the Reason, when any goes to the House of Feasting on vain and counterfeit Food, he cannot hear the Voice of Wisdom, (as Christs Voice could not Echo forth to the Questions of them that envied him at his Examination :) For two Contraries cannot be of equal Authority at one and the same time in the same subject.

## CHAP. VIII.

### The Virgins Farewel.

#### §. 1. *Beware of Falling from Grace.*

**G**ive not thy Honour, thy honourable Soul, to another: Nor thy Eternal years unto the Cruel: Lest Strangers be filled with thy Wealth, and thy Labours be in the House of thine Enemies: And lest the Jewels of the Virgin, which she gave thee, be ridiculed by them that emulate her happiness: And thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh is consumed in the Grave of Despair, and say,



say, O now I wonder that I could not esteem her : *How was I such a Fool as to despise the Instruction of my Virgin. Ah ! What did I call her MY Virgin ? She is not mine, but she was mine : O that I could say she never was so now ! But there is my Eternal Hell : Because I crossed the Mind of my Creator, who appointed her to be mine : But I appointed her Enemy for my everlasting Companion, who will not lead a loving Life with me, but torment me with the Snake-like Scourges of her Scorpion Furies. Now observe, here is the crossing of the Eternal Fancy of the Soul, (if thou call it a Phantasie) the Spirit of the Soul must have his Will, his desired Object, the Virgin ; Or he will die, and that Eternally. And the false Mind will enjoy Jezebel, the Object of his Love, or he will also dye the Eternal Death. And so Man lies in a great strait, as compassed about with Nets on every side : And there is no way to escape the Gulf, but by being faithiul to his Virgin : For tho' Man prove faithful to the said Humane Sorceress, yet she will not be true to him, but will play the Harlot, and defile his Bed in Eternity. Therefore, O Man, (poor Wretch) consider thy self here : *Drink Water out of thine own Cistern : And running Waters of Eternal Pleasures out of thine own undefiled Virgin-Well. Let thy Holy Fountain be blessed everlastingly, and Rejoyce with the beautiful Maid of thy ever-flourishing Youth : Let her be as the loving Hind and pleasant Roe, and let her Breasts satisfie and refresh thee at all times : And be thou ravished world without end with her chaste love. And why wilt thou be ravished with a strange Woman, and embrace the Bosom of a Whore, that is common to the evil Demons, who will not love thee again in truth ? Go then thy way from this Trull : Eat thy Bread of Life in Joy, and drink thy heart-cheering Wine of eternal**

nal Beatitude *with a merry heart* : For God now (if thou art true to his Virgin-Daughter) *accepteth thy Works* : For this is the Antepast of Heaven. *Let thy Garments be always pure, clean, and white, and let thy Head, blessed by thy Virgin-Mother, lack no Ointment of heavenly Oyl.* Live joyfully with thy Espoused Virgin, *whom thou lovest all the days of the Life of thy Vanity, which God hath given under the Sun all the days of thy temporal Vanity, for that is thy Portion in this Life, to thy Labour which thou takest under the Sun of Time, and that only is the end of thy Travail, and the final Cause of thy Journey, which to perform, necessity is laid upon thee by the Creator : He sets thee upon this Work and Labour, to see whether thou wilt love his Virgin-Daughter by the Light of the Sun, and not suffer thy self to be blinded, by not looking for true Light in the Virgins Face, and so be dazled and stuck blind for love of an unworthy Guest at her seeming Beauty.*

§. 2. *Or there is no third Recovery.*

**S***In not against the Virgins holy Spirit, for thy Sin will never be forgiven.* If thou prove faithful to the Virgin here, *under the Sun of her Light, which is pure, thou shalt Eternally enjoy her pleasant Aspects and Smiles, and loving Communications, under the Sun of an ever-shining Light in Heaven. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, in reference to the Nods and Pointings of the Virgin, do it with thy might : For there is no Work, nor Device, nor Knowledge, nor Wisdom in the Grave of Eternal Death, whither thou goest, if thou break her Law : Neither can any one help thee out of that Grave, for out of the Eternal Hell there is no Redemption.* Nay if Angels and Saints did all joyn their Skill, and Device, and Wisdom together, they

they can afford thee no help from thence. Besides, if thou do'st not now *use all thy Skill*, and do thy best endeavour to forsake Vice and Sin, (the form of this *Jezebel* in the Abstract) and to do good *with all thy might*, and love God (or Vertue, which is God and the fair Virgin in the Abstract) *with all thy strength and Soul*, thou wilt never have space granted thee to mend thy work in the succeeding World, or to rectifie and *make straight that which is made crooked* in this World, or to fill up the measure or number or weight in Gods Ballance: For *that which is wanting here, cannot be numbred hereafter*: And two cannot be substracted out of one. For by *Slothfulness the Building decayeth*, and through *Idleness of the Hands* in this World, the House of the humane World will drop thorow, and be swallowed in the Abyss And while I was passing by the *Soulish Field of the Sluggard*, I looked, and behold it was all grown over with *Thorns*; It became a Wilderness, wherein the Owner was intangled, and knew not which way to turn to find Ease and Refreshment. I went by the *Vineyard of the lazy Labourer*, and Lo, *Nettles had covered the Face thereof*: And the *Stone-Wall thereof was broken down*. Then I saw and considered it well: I looked upon it, and set it forth for an Example; that he that *sleepeth in the Summer shall starve in the Eternal Winter*: So shall his Poverty come as a fugitive Beggar, who travaileth in the boundless Wilderness; and his want as an armed Souldier in Lucifers Camp. O Man repent in time.

§. 3. *Vertue Rare.*

TAke no heed to all Words, or Affronts, that are cast at thee, lest thou hear the *Servile Handmaid* (or else the *Whorish Woman*) curse her legal Mistress. For oft times also thine own Conscience knows that

that thou thy self hast cursed thy Rivals. All this (saith the Great Prophet) have I proved by Philosophy: I said I will be wise: But Wisdom is not easily attainable: For that which is far off, and exceeding deep, who can find it out, without heavenly Skill in Theosophy? And by Mans Churlishness the Virgin oft removes far from him. I applied my heart to know, and to search, and to seek out by Wisdom the reason of things, and the deep Cause of Causes, and the Wickedness of Folly, even of Foolishness and Madness. And I find more bitter than Death the Woman whose false Heart is a Snare, and whose Fingers are Nets and Bands to bind the humane Soul: Who so pleaseth God, and loves the Virgin, shall escape from her, but the Sinner against Gods Law of Obedience, shall be caught in her trap, as a Woodcock in a Snare, or Fishes in an evil Net. Behold this have I found, (saith the Preacher of Truth) Counting one by one to find out the Account by Mathematical Calculation: Which yet my Mind seeketh, but I find not clearly. One humane Soul among a thousand have I found, but scarce a Virgin can be found now a days, among a Thousand Handmaids and false Women, for the Earth being stained with humane Blood, hath forced the Divine Spouses of Mankind to disappear, and enter into their own Principle. The way that leads to the Whores lodging is broad: Yea even the blind finds it without a Guide. And the path of Vertue is narrow, yet it is easie and straight to him whose Eyes are in his Head. But when the Virgin is lost, (as the Epigrammist said) so may the Soul say to the Virgin, thou hast given me a Looking-glass as a token of thy Love; wherein I may see my own shape, and if I had not been a Fool, might have learnt by it to know my own self. I had rather thou wouldest now send me one wherein I might see

see thee and the Signs of thy Favour and Acceptance, and thy most beautiful Aspect once more, attracting my longing Mind: But it is too late. I may indeed see my own ugly Form infected by the Whore of false Lust. The Fire of this Harlot is like the Fire of Hell, which burns another, but gives no Light, whereby her Lover may find her.

§. 4. *Christs proffered Service slighted.*

**F**OR three things the Earth is disquieted: And for four which it cannot bear: For a Servant the Worm of the Soul, when he reigneth over the noble Mind: And a Fool, the false Affection or Delight, when he is filled with Meat, which is not the true Food of the Soul: and so cannot relish Food by a longing hunger which is the best Sawce. For an Odious Strumpet, when she is married to her Superiour the Soul: And for the Virgins Hand-maid, who is Heir to her Mistress. But Virgin-Vertue cries to the Spirit of Man, Oh canst thou be cruel? Canst thou be so hard-hearted? Wilt thou now forsake and despise me after all thy pretended kindnesse? Must I now be a Bond-maid to thy Concubines, who was born a Princess? *Thou hast not brought me any Gifts, thou hast not sent me any tokens: I have not caused thee to serve and wait upon me with an Offering of thy devoted Soul, nor wearied thee with the Sacrifices of thy vowed self: Neither hast thou honoured me with the Incense of thy promised Service. But thou hast made me to serve with thy Sins: Thou hast wearied me waiting upon thee in thy Debauchery. And the Jewels I gave thee thou hast bestowed upon Harlots.* Many take occasion to blame the Virgin for a small seeming Offence, when they wink at this Jezebels Impudence: yea though the sincere Vir-



Virgin do but whisper a Word to one of her Companions, it must be judged to be Treason. If thou wouldst be wise and retain thy Jewels, not bestowing them upon thy unworthy Harlot, thou shouldst soon see how she would pack away to her own Companions : Now therefore 'see thy Folly at last, thy entrusting of thy Jewels with her, believe her not, reject her fair Promises, for she waites to deceive and intrap thee.

§. 5. *A scared Conscience.*

Then bethought her self, when the valedictory parting Kiss was given her : O this Wedding Song is become a Threnetick Song. When the Virgin fair-Vertue perceives the Soul continues obstinate, and will not commiserate her woful Condition, whereunto she hath plunged her self for his sake, by letting her Affections of true Love after him, he being unworthy thereof, and slighting her kindness, then she goes into a solitary Wilderness to bewail her doleful fate : And now saith she, *I have piped unto thee, but thou hast not danced.* I have Sung an Elegiack farewell to thee, but thou hast not sympathized with my Grievs. And it grieves her to think how she hath been trampled upon, and causlessly kicked out of his Society ; though she wished him well, and did all for his good and everlasting welfare (Oh, saith she, *How long thou simple one wilt thou hate me, and neglect thy own Mercy? How long O scorner wilt thou scorn me?*) Yea He was the first occasion which moved her to set her Affections upon him : But it seems with an intent to mock and deceive her, and make a May-game and Derision of her before his *Jezebelish* Companions. Yet when she sees there is no Hope or Remedy, ( for she resolves never to leave or forsake him, while

while the least Oil capable of receiving the flame of Love remained in him :) And when she finds that his Mind is resolved another way, then she considers with her self: And muttering faith, Why do I pine and waste thus? I do not profit at all to my self, nor promote the means of regaining his Affections towards me, I will again return to Paradise to my Mothers House, even where I was raised up under the Tree of Life by the Fountains of Eden, and where I was snatched away while I was securely gathering Flowers by the upper Springs of the Cœlestial Groves; and hurried away into this fair World. There in Paradise, I shall see my dear and heavenly Mother again, and I will complain to her of my hard Fortune, and dismal Fate, the result of the unkindness of my late Lover. There I will open my Mind in Sincerity to her: Perhaps she will afford me some comfortable Advice. Being come home, her Virgin-Mother perceives by her looks that she has not sped well, and faith unto her. What's the Matter with my sweet and dear Daughter? Is this she who I thought was lost, whose lovely Face I almost despaired ever to see again? What? have not things occurred well with thee? Hast thou no Fellow-Traveller? No Recreator of thy tedious long Journey? What? Come through such a terrible Wilderness alone? What are those wounds on thy late beautiful Face? *How is thy fair Visage more marred than thy Sisters, and thy form seems more disfigured than pretended Maids?* Oh dear Mother, faith Virgin-Virtue, *many have been astonished at me: My Virgin-Play-fellows did not know me: It seems I have no Form nor Comeliness which Mans Soul can see in me, no Beauty that he should desire me: I am despised and rejected of my Companion:*

panion: I am a Virgin of sorrows and acquainted with Grief, my Mate hath hid his Face from me, I was despised and he esteemed me not: He looked on me as stricken, smitten and forsaken of God. And now who shall declare my Generation, and the Children of my Womb? Yet I have done no Violence, neither was deceit found in my Mouth: I was true to my Lover: But he proved false to his late Companion in Tribulation: I was deceived and inveigled into his Wiles by his fair Speeches: He seemed to profess great kindness at the first, and drew me into his Net with smooth but deceitful Promises: But now he hath utterly slighted me. I received these Marks on the Palms of my Hands, by the Malice and Treachery of his false Companions, who drew my Lovers Heart from me, and the Watchmen of the Night did smite and wound me. Then do thou (saith her Virgin-Mother) slight him as much: If he suffer his Eyes to be so blinded, that he cannot see his own Good, forsaking his own Mercy and the Day of his tender Visitation; let him thank himself. Choose another and let him go: Be not so concerned my blessed Daughter, the Child of my Womb: Take Heart and raise thy drooping Mind out of the Grave of Despair.

§. 6. *The Talent given to another.*

WHY dost thou take on so? Why art thou so affected with thy Sorrow? Leave thy Sobbing: Sigh no more: Stay with me in thy Mothers House as a desolate Widow, and she shall cherish thee with the Oil of Joy again. And thou shalt again rejoyce in Eternity: Come take a drop of this Celestial Wine into thy fair Mouth, it will cheer thy dejected Heart, and comfort thy pure and sincere

Spirit : And thou shalt have a sweet nap of refreshment upon my Breasts. And when thou awakest, this hard-hearted Beloved of thine will be cast out of the Church of thy Affections, and committed to the Hell of Oblivion. But ( saith Virgin-Virtue ) where are my dear Sisters ? Oh ! saith God's Bride, they all sympathize with thee, and bemoan thy hard Hap, and yet congratulate thy safe return from wandering in the wide Wilderness among wild Beasts : Blessed art thou my Daughter, that hast found thy Native Haven of the Holy Heaven again. When she hath had the enjoyment of the sweet Society and Communication of her heavenly Friends a small Season, she gradually receives Comfort and a Refreshment of pure rejoicing with a Divine Hallelajah, praising the Creator with Songs of Triumph in her Mouth, that he hath delivered her from the Fury and Cruelty of her envious Rivals, who laid wait for her Halting, and looked for her Ruine. Now I being weather-beaten, and having swum over an Ocean of bitter briny-tears, am now arrived at my fold of Everlasting Rest. Her Virgin Mother saith, O my Virgin-Daughter ; thou shalt be yet in Love with a faithful Companion, and divinely inamoured with one who will equally love thee again, as thy loveliness deserves. The next true Friend, whom thou shalt shew kindness to, in a real Commiseration of their ruineable Condition, shall resalute thee with an Answer of real kindness, neither will it ever enter into his Heart to deceive thee, when he shall be espoused to thee, with whom thou shalt Eternally abide in the and undefiled Bed of Eternal Joy. At this her Virgin-Sisters come forth out of a retired Room or Closet in Heaven, saying : O is this our Sister marked with the Scars of an unfortunate War in the Fields

Fields of crossed, and unfaithful Love? Alas for thee! our dear Sister. *I am black, O ye Daughters of the Holy City, and Swarthy, and my former Comeliness can scarce be perceived. Look not upon me, because I am Black; because my Skin was become Tawny in the parched Wilderness: Because the scorching Sun of deceitful Lust and false Love hath look'd upon me, and sought to infect me. My Mothers Stepsons were angry with me: They made me the Keeper of their Vineyards, I waited upon them in their Superfluities and Pleasures, and would faint taste of the Gleanings, and the Grapes that they refused: And so in mine own Vineyard I have not kept, and now you see my beautiful Flowers are laid in the Dust. Alas for thee? say they, Alas and well a day! We have a little Sister, and she hath no Breasts, she seems to be Eternally Barren, and incapable of propagating her Divine Species according to the Creators Law. O what shall we do for our Sister in the Day that she shall be spoken for, and invited to the great Wedding-Dinner? If she be a Wall of Defence against impure Lovers, we will build upon her a Palace of Silver, which shall be as a Golden Temple of Gladness to entertain her Noble Beloved. And if she be a Door of Invitation, we will enclose her with boards of Cœlestial Cædar, to receive her faithful Shepherd in her Holy Habitation, and Tent of Contentment under the Trees of Eternal Life.*

§. 7. *The Soul's Anguish.*

**T**HUS, as it happened to the Fool, that is in Labour and Travail to obtain his false Delilah: So it happened to this fair Virgin: But they shall not have the same Catastrophe in the end of the Act or Play. For they shall dye in a different manner, which



when they shall have sacrificed their Souls, devoted to the service of their Lovers: The one shall dye to his Condemnation: The other to the Resurrection of Everlasting Life and Joy. Now the Soul that slighted this fair Virgin, being deceived by a blind Fancy of false Passion, forsakes her for ever; and falls in love with an unworthy Harlot far inferior to himself and his nobility, whereby he degenerates into a bestial State, by a Soul-Transmigration. Verifying the Proverb.

*Pares cum paribus facillimè Congregantur.*

And this *Delilah* only plays the Fool with him to sport her self, and make a Mock-play of him with her Companions, and her fellow-Harlots: And will not Love him again, as he Loves her: (It is hard to rob a Thieves House.) And so he becomes a *Vagabond*, and *Fugitive upon the Earth*, and Eternally seeks after her, but can never obtain her Love. And though perhaps he may so far prevail with her, as to have the favour of defiling her in the Bed of obscene wantonness, yet that is only to give him a Taint of her Infection, which will Eternally burn in, and waste his griping Bowels. And this is a Description of Mans Hell (almost without a Metaphor) viz. A Separation of the Soul from God his desired Object, in his dying Hour and last Minutes; when he finds himself by Reason of a wilful and continued course in deadly Sins excluded the Enjoyment of Heaven, nor can he lay any claim to the Benefit of the Sacrifice, having shut himself out by false Lust, falling in Love, and being enamoured with a blind Passion: A false *Delilah* having had the Flower of his youthful Love, he is no more for her turn. And so to speak in a similitude, Mans Soul shall be  
confi-

Confined to an Eternal Wilderneſs: So that it is very clearly underſtood how *the labour of the fooliſh* Souls will *weary every one of them*, becauſe they know not the way to go to *the City* of mutual Love and Solace. All which ways leads him to endleſs Sorrow and Miſeries, being the effects of Sin, which confine him to an un-openable Priſon, in which he ſhall feel within him a Fire of Eternal Pain and aking of his Mind, whereby his Heart ſhall burſt in pieces, and yet remain whole by renewing it to endure a freſh wracking Torment in the Grim Life.

§. 8. *The Soul's Deſpair.*

And all this becauſe he would not allow the right Spirit of the Soul, the thing that he earneſtly begged and cryed after: Yea he ſhall as through a Goal-Grate at times behold this Harlor, who was the occaſion of his Miſery, mocking him, and ſaying, O Fool! now pay Eternally for thy Folly in believing me: Now eat thy ſower Sawce after thy ſweet Meat. Alſo he ſhall ſee Heaven above him, by looking at times beyond the great Gulf, and he ſhall to his Repentance ever to be repented, and to his Grief never to be expiated, at times eſpy his once fair Virgin, whom he might have Eternally enjoyed to his unſpeakable Solace, and mutual Refreshment; for ſhe was (if he had not undone the knot of true Love) his own proper Right by the Law of Eternity. And becauſe he reſuſed her, there muſt be a Transmigration of Souls, and out of his Aſhes muſt ſpring another, who will gladly ſtep into his Throne, and Love his Virgin who never was defiled: And this his Rival-Succeſſor, he ſhall look at with an envious Eye embracing his Virgin, who is now become

his Rivals own, by the unalterable Law of the Deity. Thus this spiritual Adulterer shall see his Late Virgin in the dear Arms of another, but he shall never in Eternity receive so much as one smile, nor so much as one of her looks to refresh him, where-with his Heart used lately to be ravished. Instead of this he shall Conceit she frowns upon him, tho' indeed her Nature is ignorant of the manner of frowning: And so shall feel intolerable Pain and Gripping in his Conscience, which is a difference or Combustion between the Soul and Spirit of the Soul, because he hath foolishly squandred away his fair Virgins Gifts, and scorned or refused a good or blessed Fortune which the Creator had appointed him. And upon the Monument set over his Hellish Grave shall be this Epitaph engraved: Here lies the cursed Ashes, ( the Object of Scorn ) once the Seat of the Fire of pure Love, who deceived his own Soul like a Fool, and now suffers the Punishment of his own procuring, and burns in the Fire of his own kindling. Therefore O Man have a Care, defraud not the pure Mind of the true Pleasure it earnestly cryeth, longeth, and panteth after, or of the Virgin it laboureth and travails for: think not that it will be put off with Fopperies, and shammed with Toys of Vanity, or lulled asleep by a Song of Vanity. If it be cast by some Soporiferous Po: sen into Sleep, yet it will again awake to thy Condemnation: And will never cease craving for the right Food that is proper for his Eternal Health and Life, and will by his Officer, Scourge and Torment thee, till he obtain his Desire.

§. 9. *Late Repentance.*

**T**herefore spend not thy Money for that which is not Right Bread, nor thy Labour for that which profiteth not the Spirit of the Soul: For I say again he will not be cheated. For when the Body comes to drop as a Leaf from the Tree of the Soul to the Grave: Death will by no means in the World, by no fair Speeches be bribed to put off the time, when the forcible Wind is sent to blow it down. When the guilty Sinner sees that Death will not be put off, then he endeavours to bribe the Souls Spirit, and to speak him fair, saying, O be reconciled to me in my extremity. The Soul's Spirit saith,

*Fly hence; thy House doth Crack, it falls:*

*Get under Ground for safer Walls.*

The Soul answers, Oh but give me a token of thy favour, before the thread of my Life be cut off by the Sword of the Cherub: I have done brave Exploits for thee in former days. O, saith the Spirit, so *Lucifer's* Cities were once famous, where Satyrs now dance, and doleful Birds howl: No, I will never be reconciled in Eternity to thee: The time is past: Where was this desire of Reconcilement before, when I was willing to keep peace with thee, on condition I should have my will, and the end of my longing, which once was easily attainable: But now thou art wise too late. O but, saith the Soul, now I repent from the bottom of my heart: O be favourable to me, and shew me some kindness, remit that rigour which thou threatnest me with, now at my last gasp, wherewith I will pray Heaven to requite thee. Keep thy thanks to feed thy hellish Brood, (saith the pure Mind) This is but to gain the time, because thou seest the thing I longed for is gone from me:

*Thou hast prepared lying and corrupt Words to speak before me till the time be changed; therefore there is but one Decree, Either procure to me my dear Virgin, and wash thy Blackmore's Skin white, or thou shalt be utterly destroyed, and thy House shall be made a Dunghil.*

§. 10. *The Soul's Hellish Blasphemy.*

**B**Ut, (saith the Soul) O be not so cruel, and rigid. She is unattainable, she is taken into thy Rivals Favour: It is impossible to subtract a greater number from a lesser, that I cannot do: Only remit the penalty of this severe Law: Nay (saith the Noble Mind) I must proclaim an Eternal War against thee; *For as thou hadst not Power over the false Spirit, to retain the Spirit of thy Affections, so neither hast thou power in the day of Eternal Death; neither hath any one the Power to retain the Virgin, when she is gone into her place, and quite rejected.* And therefore I say, *There is no discharge in this War, no redeeming of thee from the Fury of the bloody Souldiers, and avenging Officers, who will now cast thee into Prison: Neither shall wickedness deliver them that have been all their time given to it.* Therefore, O humane Soul, think not that thou shalt escape, and that the Spirit of the humane Soul shall die for the rest of the humane Commonwealth, and come under the Lash for the loss of his dear Virgin, (for tho' thou shouldst give all the Substance of thine House, and all that thou art worth, to be reconciled to her, it cannot be, when the day of Grace is sinned out) and that this Divine Essence shall suffer for thee. No, no, this Divine Essence shall remain as an Image in a Looking-glass, and thou shalt endure the Pain, as being condemned by this laid Essence, who will arise again out of the Grave which thou hast digged for him, and condemn thee,



as being thy Eternal Judge. And here is seen what part suffers; for where the sore is, there will be the Hand. And here begins the great and Hellish Blasphemy of a Soul in the real *Tophet*, the Soul will *gnaw his Tongue for pain* and vexation, and Revenge against the Spirit of the Soul, as if he were in fault; whereas himself was the cause of Bringing this tormenting Wo upon himself. And now the dumb guilty Soul may be long at the Gate of the deaf Spirit, who will not hear his Cries, because he himself was lately *as the deaf Adder, who would not hearken to the Charms* of the Spirit, *charming never so wisely*: And struck his Conscience oft-times as *dumb as a Sheep before the Shearer*. Yea the Soul will rave and rage as if he would tear the Deity it self in pieces. And when a poisoned Arrow does light upon his Flesh, he knowing not whence it comes, he will receive the Blood into his hands, flushing out, and throw it up to the Abyss, crying out, O Almighty Power thou hast conquered me; and so blaspheming, dies the Eternal Death.

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## CHAP. IX.

### The Souls Rest.

§. 1. *Where is this Rest?*

**I**F the Soul do but attain the End of his Journey, which was appointed as the true final Cause of his Travail and Labour by the Creator, then he becomes happy, and not before. *The Sleep and Rest of the Labouring Soul is sweet, whether he sleep little or much; but the abundance of the covetous Rich and conceited Soul, who conceits he needeth nothing, as*  
being

being not beholden to God, will not suffer him to sleep, and to take a quiet Nap of sweet Repose. But where is this Rest to be found, There's the Question: The Elements say, *It is not in us*: The Depth saith, *It is not in me*: Hell and Death say, *We have heard the Fame thereof with our Ears*: There is a Path which the subtillest Fowl knows not, and which the quick-sighted Vultures Eye hath not seen. Nay, let Man search and grope into every Corner and Cranny of the whole Creation, yet he shall never find Rest for his Soul, until he come and return to Virgin Vertue, Gods fair Daughter, his appointed and predestinated Spouse. As the Stars and Astral Powers bear sway over Mortals, so also the Minds of Men have a reflexive Influence upon the Starry Natures: For Evil Minds, by Sympathy or Simile attract the Evil Influences, which infect the Air, and so alight upon the first Authors. Even as a Nat off-time generateth within it self that which destroyeth it, namely, the Worm of an evil Influence. In like manner also vertuous and holy Souls attract the good Influences of the Astral Properties by Sympathy. Now who knoweth the Spirit of a Man that goeth upwards to his own natural Heaven, and attracts the good and sweet Influences thereof? For,

*God with a lofty Mind did Man indue,  
And bid him Heavens transcendent Glory view;*

As being his Natural Scope and right Home. But if any humane Soul approve not of this Form, choosing a prone or downward Look, and to be loaded with the guilt of an evil or guilty Conscience, he shall sink down into the Abyss.

§. 2. *Not God's Fault, if missed.*

**T**Ho' God commands the Soul to *choose Life* and Eternal Joy, and let every Bird delight in his own Note, which th Creator hath inspired into him, to praise the Inspirer, yet most Men choose Death, and let them thank themselves. But now Heaven is the appointed Home of Mans Soul : And if the Soul miss to find his home, there's his Hell, and there's the Inverting of the Mind of God, or frustrating of the Intent of the Almighty, which makes the Wo and the Hell. But some may say, Hell was also appointed to some Men, as Heaven was predestinated to others. *Ans.* Yes, Hell was conditionally appointed to *Adam* and all his Posterity, upon their slighting of Heaven : But Heaven was Mans native Place or Home : And thither he must return, if the Causes of Man co-work and suit together in their genuine coherence. And to say that Hell was the final Cause of some Mens Creation, is absolute Blasphemy. But as the younger Brother said in the Epigram (*Sum pauper, non culpa mea, &c.*) It was not my Fault that I am poor, but the Fault of my Parents, who have not begotten me before my Elder Brother, who had the Inheritance : This is the case of the Fool, that lays the Fault upon the Almighty Father of Mankind. As it was affirmed by the old Hea-then Polytheists, that one Idol-God or Power could not undo what another did : So it is true in this sense, That whatsoever is *made Crooked* by the hellish Power, *can never be made Straight* again, no not by the Power of the Almighty Creator himself : For it cannot be expected that God should or would help Man any more, having created him like himself, and also created him a new, when there was possibility left

left of Recovery : But if Man becomes his own Creator, and a Necromancer in the Hellish Operation, a third Relief can never be : And why ? Because God himself cannot work against the Truth, or the right Order of Eternity : He himself being the Prince of Order. And he *cannot deny himself, and belye his own Nature* : Neither will he call back a Day that is past.

§. 3. *God alloweth Time.*

**N**OW, now, now is the time : It may be possible to day to do a thing which cannot be done to morrow : Yea, the true Hour must be waited upon to do it : Go not about a Business against the Hair. *Because to every thing and business there is Time and Judgment*, which Man oft times neglecteth, *therefore his Misery is great upon him*. Lose not the Tyde of the Eternal Ocean, which should carry the Soul to Paradise, for it stays for none. Now is the time to *work with all thy might*, and to lay up for Heaven, the end of thy Labour and Work : *For in the Grave whither thou goest it cannot be attained*. Tho' God promises Forgiveness to Repentants, yet he doth not promise to morrow to repent in : *For many shall strive to enter in at the Gate of Heaven, but when the day of Grace is past, they shall not be able*. Whoever he be that sinneth out his Day, or *despiseth the last Day of his Visitation*, by Obstinacy, slighteth the Holy Ghosts last Reproof, rejects him out of his Company, and becomes Reprobate : A Man in a Christian Warfare may quarrel with his Reprover oft-times, and be reconciled again ; considering that those Reproofs were for his Good : But the Reprobate is past Reproof, and hates to be Reformed : *He shall not be forgiven in this World, nor in that which is to come* : No, tho'

tho' he, *Eſau*-like, doth ſeek to repent, for his Repentance is too late: And tho' he work at the Hour of Death with all his might, whatſoever his hand findeth to do towards his New Creation, yet the Myſtery of the falſe Nature prevails: And it is folly to ſeek the *Living among the Dead*. It is true, God and his benign Powers or Influences wait for an Advantage againſt the Devils Temptations at all times: And therefore the good Genius will not leave the very worſt Sinner till the laſt gasp: For according to the Right of the Deity, the holy Angels claim the firſt ſitting and ſearching of the Soul, when Man is a dying. As a Phyſitian, when he ſeeth his Patient mortally ſick, yet he gives him ſome Cordials to eaſe him: So God may leſſen the Punishment and Damnation of one that hath ſinned out his Day of Grace offered onco to him, and now repents heartily (that he hath paſſed by the Gate of Mercy at ſuch and ſuch times, which is now freſh in his Memory) and is ſorry by late repentance: But he can never enter in at Heavens Gate: For the Door will be ſhut in its right time, and tarries for no Mans lingering: And the Tyde of the Eternal Ocean will wait no Mans leaſure,

§. 4. *And Talents.*

**S***Era nimis Vita eſt Craſtina, vive Hodie:* To Morrow's Life is too late, Live to Day: *Feed on thy true daily Bread to Day, or to Morrow thou wilt dye Eternally. Poſt Mortem Eternam nulla Voluptas.* Expect not therefore, after thou haſt eaten thy Morſel in wantonneſs, to have it too when there is need of it to reſreſh thee in thy Journey. Thus Men complain now-a-days of the hardneſs of the Times, not conſidering how they ſpend in a Day many times, in a Drunken Feaſt, what might naturally ſupply them with



with sufficiency (as to the maintenance of their Bodies in Health) for a Month. This is abusing, or rather a Fascination of Gods Blessings. Therefore (as One said, In this World is the Place of Mercy; in the Other, of Justice and Judgment: And, The Beginnings of Things are in our own Power, but the End in God's. And, He that considers what is past, may foresee what is to come. One scoffingly said to one that lost his Watch, or Horary Engine, *Time will away, all the World cannot help it*: So may it be said to the Fool, that lost his spiritual Instrument of discerning Time and Eternity. O Man! Provide Oyl and Treasures for Heaven before-hand; Trimmed Lamps without Oyl, are of no real Use. Tho' one of thy Feet may be already in the Grave of Hell, as being one that came when the Door of Mercy was shut; and tho' thou may'st be an old and reprobate Sinner, and yet wouldst now repent at the Twelfth Hour, after thou hast been working for thy Master the Devil (as being one of those that stood idle in the Market-place, expecting Work from the Lord of the Vineyard) tho' it be too late now; Make thy self a Friend in time, for old Friends and old Wine are best. Thou wilt perhaps hope, God will make thee his new Friend at the last Hour, but that is too late: For saith Christ, *It is not mine to give you, to sit on my Right or Left Hand, but to whom it is prepared of my Father*, according to the condition of the Covenant: But *whosoever comes to God in time, God can in no wise cast out*: For such a one takes Heaven violently by Force, and (as one said) overcomes God, and claims Heaven as his Right, as tho' Heaven were his true native Home, and God his real Father, as indeed he is: Tho' it must be confest, Mans Fall made Heaven to become a Free Gift.

§. 5. *The Seed sown at Death.*

Some may object, If Man be a small Incarnation, wherein God was pleased to multiply himself ; Or if Man be God's Off-spring and Essence, how can God pass Sentence upon his own Essence ? *Ans<sup>w</sup>.* Here lies the great Mystery : The Work of Eternity is the World not yet made, and yet ever made by Eternity : viz. This World was made in six Days, but the World for which this was made, will scarce be finished in less than Six thousand Mystical Days or Years. The Soul as to the stamp, mold, or eternal shape thereof, will not be finished till the death of the Body : Even then the Signature of the Soul's Spirit, (or else of its Worm) will be characterized for Eternity. Every wicked Soul is but an Embryo : And the Divine Child, or Pious Soul, is now a forming in the Womb of the outward Body, and not perfected in an holy Man till the fall of the Body. Therefore *whatsoever God doth, it shall be for ever established by his Graver, the Spirit on the Souls Beast-Plate. Consider his Work : For who can make straight that which he hath made crooked, by the Law which altereth not. And say not thou, What is the cause that the former Days in the outward Life, were better than these dark and gloomy Days nigh Deaths Door : For thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this : And the Day of Death (if the Soul be perfected in its formation) is better than the Day of the false Birth. Dicitq; beatus ante Obitum nemo supremaq; funera debet : No Man before Death should be accounted happy : This World is a wide Prison, and every Day is Execution Day.*

§. 6. *The*

§. 6. *The Heavenly Feast stays for us.*

THE Apostate Soul is like the Viper, dying at the parturition of her young ones. But the Right Soul is perfected at the Death of the Body: Being formed a perfect Divine Man, whose Form is the Image of, the Deity. Even then is *the Marriage* and full fruition of *the Virgin of God, who is to be cloathed in fine Linnen clean and white, the Purity and Righteousness of a holy Soul*, as being her Delight and Ornament: And therefore, O Man, be sure thou be related by Affinity to the Great Messias, whose Bride will shortly make her self ready in the presence of God and the holy Angels: Blessed art thou that shalt be called to the Wedding Supper of the Lamb-like Prince of Innocency: These Sayings are Faithful and Real: Not a Scene of an Imaginary Phantasie. God would have all to be saved: The Devil none: And so neither of them is a Respector of Persons. The Reprobate wrongs himself, yet seems to do the wrathful Powers a kindness: Yet his kindness is no kindness: He is like one that throws Brine into the Sea: For Hell is never satisfied. Come therefore, O Man, to Heaven, and there thou shalt be welcome: If thou art fairer than another, he shall not envy, but rejoyce at thy Beauty: God himself desires thy company, for there is a Superfluity of Dainties at his Feast: The Profit of the Holy Earth is for all: The King himself is served by the Fruits of Eden's Field. But if we speak properly, we must acknowledge God hath no loss by a Reprobate Soul, seeing he is Perfection it self: But the loss is thy own: Thou hast not cheated the Virgin, for she hath another appointed her upon thy Refusal: But thou hast fooled, deceived, and put a Cheat upon thy self, and art fallen into the Snare

Snare which thou hast prepared for another : And it is an ill Bird that defiles her own Nest. They use to say of a Drunkard, or some such luxurious Fellow, *He doth no Hurt to any, but what he doth to himself* : I pray who can trust such a one for a harmless Man? He is the greatest Cheat of all who cheats himself : Seeking to undermine God and his Virgin. To be sure such a one (if he finds but opportunity) will prove false to his Neighbour also, and to the whole Creation. *I love thee as my own Soul*, (said a fat luxurious Man to his Sweetheart.) *Then you love me not as your Body* (said she) *or you love me not at all: For I see you love not your self, because you repent not of your sins.*

§. 7. *Mans Self-Enjoyment Gods primary Glory.*

THUS many a Soul thinks to advance himself, by a vain expectation of the Death of God, Christ, and the Soul's Spirit, whose Officer is like to torment him in a Fiery Lake. There was a rich thriving Man, that had a Servant who thrived not at all, but was very Unfortunate in outward things : The Master indeed pitied him, because he proved honest in his place, and perhaps there was a vigilant Eye over him, that he could not cheat his Master : But his Master payed him the Arrears of his Wages, and turned him away from his Service, saying, *While you thrive not your self, you cannot be profitable to another ; and therefore you are no servant for me, and so God bless you.* This is the Case between God, the Master of the great humane Family, and us his Servants : Therefore every Man for his own Soul chiefly, and God for us all. And so where nothing is to be had, God loses his Right, as it were : Yet he is accidentally glorified by the Reprobate. Heaven is the true End of Man, or final Cause of the Soul : And if the

End be frustrated, the whole Work is in vain. It is the Glory of a King, and the Ornament of a Kingdom, that his Subjects are Populous and Valiant ; And Children are the Riches of a Parent : So Man attaining the End of his Generation, becomes the Glory of God and his Cœlestial Kingdom. But *all is Vanity* and a Frustration of the Right End, whatever excludes and *vexeth the pure Spirit* of Soul, and hinders him from reaching the scope of his Desire and Labour. It might be judged that he that adventureth his best Jewel (his precious Life) in behalf of his Prince, is a Magnanimous Man : But as the Poet said, *Vivere pro patriâ dulcius esse puto* : So it is the case of the Soul : And it is very clear ; For if the final Cause be marred or cut off, the whole Action is vain : As for instance ; A Man whose House is on fire, and leaps into the Fire to save his Goods, spoils the End : And so doth a Thief that adventures his Life for the enjoyment of a sum of Money ; for he disesteems the End, and undervalues it, in comparison of the Means to preserve and promote the said End : The End of the Treasure stolen is to preserve Life : If therefore he hazards his Life in the attaining of it, when it might be preserved without such hazard, he is a Fool, and a vain Fellow. Just so is the Case of one that hazards his Soul in the attaining of some strange Lust, or supposed Means of promoting the well-being of the Soul : What is a House good for, if the End, which is Dwelling in it, be frustrated ? He is like one that angleth with a Golden Hook, and burns his own Flesh ; and rather than sleep in a whole Skin, stigmatizeth his Soul.



§. 8. *Spoil not the End for the Means.*

One feared to go on a Message to the Grand Vizier, saying, He is so unconstant, he may take my Head off upon no occasion given: The Governour that sent him, said, I would he durst; I will have a thousand of his Mens Heads off in lieu of it: Yes, but I question said the Embassador whether any of them will fit my Shoulders. Thus may the Souls Spirit upbraid the Soul, when sent by him upon desperate, and unlawful hazarding of his Life. Take another Example or Comparison: A Dissolute Fellow under pretence of honouring his Prince, and wishing well to his Patriots, and Praying for the Health of his Friends, Drinks large Healths ( as he calls them ) as in remembrance of his said Friends, and to the Commemoration of their Prosperity. And what is all this for, but chiefly to gratifie his greedy Belly-tub which like a sink receive these Health-resisting Bowls, under pretence of Praying for the Health of another? But let any impartial Man judge; whether these impious pretended Salutations, do add any thing to the Health or Happiness of him who is pretended to be the Subject of these flatteries: Nay, it is plain robbing of the King, and his Honour, and a diminishing of his Revenues. O Immortal Man, to thee I speak, and not to him that prefers Mortality to Eternal Life. Love Vertue, and her Gifts, *Long Life, Health, Peace, Plenty, Joy and Rest from Labour*: Accept thou of the Fair Virgins Heavenly Balsom, where-with she will so embalm thy Soul, that it shall never turn to Putrefaction, but continue an Immortal Mummy for Gods use. Now it is well known,

that the Humane Body, while it is kept in Health and Fresh by the natural Balsom or Oil; the Tincture of Life its natural Ferment: it is preserved free from Decay or Rottenness: For we well may see and observe, when the Oil is corrupted by the Impurities of *Venus* or some other anomalous means, the Body many times gradually begins to rot above the Earth. *Live thou therefore Eternally O Humane Soul, lest thou become also Subject to such a Fate: And be thou Immortal: For there is no Profit to God in the spilling of thy Holy Blood, neither can they that go down into the Pit of Eternal Death, Praise and Celebrate his Blessed Name.*

S. 9. *Seven Properties of a future Being.*

**L**ay therefore thy Hand upon thy Heart, O noble Soul, and consider: For the choice lies at thy own Hands: Whether wilt thou choose to repossess thy Native Inheritance: Or like a Fool to become *Surety for a Stranger*, the Serpent or Worm who would invade thy proper Right: Consider what thou dost before thou sign the Bond, lest thou make a forfeiture of Heaven thy natural home, and so suffer thy Soul to be *fined*, and taken for a Pledge. For *what will it profit thee, if thou shouldst gain the whole World;* while thy Soul which should enjoy it, is *amerced* by a Mulet which never can be redeemed by any Ransom by the Law of the Scottish Court? And so thou shalt look upon Heaven with doleful Eyes, as a Prodigal that is become a Beggar, and begs a piece of Bread at the Door of his Fathers House, to which he was born Heir, now possessed by a Stranger. But perhaps thou mayest say, I have purchased a new Birth-right, the Kingdom

dom of Hell: Nay, Hell also spews thee out, as being thy sworn Enemy, and loaths thee as a false out coming Renegado or Traytor, aiming to become Lord in the Kingdom whereunto thou wast not created. Whether wouldst thou choose to *feed on the Tree of Eternal Life* in Paradise? And to drink of the Living Fountains of Water, or to be confined in the barren Heath of the Abyss, where thou shalt be starved to Death? Or else thou shalt Eternally Vomit out thy own Blood and the Poyson ( which thou didst swallow in this Life ) in Everlasting Pain and Sicknes. And when thou art about to fill thy Belly, thy Enemy shall cast the Fury of his Wrath upon thee. Wilt thou refuse Rest after thy Travails, and a soft repose in the Beatifical Vision, and Divine Recreation and Heavenly Joy? And in stead thereof choose to sport with Hellish Squibs in Hell-Fire with Evil Angels? Where thou shalt be terrified ( as a feaverish Body ) with broken Sleeps and frightful Dreams? And all this, for thy slothfulness in this Life: Because thou wouldst not *Labour in Harvest*, thou must want in the *Eternal Winter*: While thou madest as if thou *observedst the Wind and the Clouds*, for an excuse to thy Laziness, when the time of Sowing and Reaping was: Now therefore thou shalt *neither Day nor Night see a sweet Repose of Sleep with thine Eyes*. O Poor Prisoner, hard is thy Fate. Wilt thou refuse Fair Wisdom the Virgin for thy Consort? And choose to be a Fool, or else to know Pain opposed to Pleasure, and to *be wise like God*? Or to become a raging Bedlam whose Wheel of the inward Senses wants Reason to guide it: Longing for strange things which are impossible to be attained. Whether wilt thou choose to be a Valiant Hero in Hea-

ven? And a Conqueror of the World? Or to pine away the Remainder of the Days of thy Eternity as a wounded Souldier? Lurking in Holes from the noise of the Battel, for fear of thy Enemies who won the Field: And now a *dreadful sound is in thy Ears*, as of a Hound or Hellish Fiend pursuing thee Day and Night, and waiting to apprehend thee as a Catchpole by the Authority of *Lucifer*, who *will deliver thee to the Judge and so to the Officer*, who will do Execution upon thy cursed Body. O faint-hearted Coward: Now *thy fears are in the way*, and lay wait to seize upon thee. Wilt thou refuse the Bosom of thy chaste Spouse, for the embraces of a Harlot? Wilt thou be the Devils Catamite? Wilt thou loose *thy beautiful Garments to sit in the Dust*? Wilt thou refuse Divine Honour of a Prince in the Kingdom of Heaven? And choose to be hissed and mocked by them whom thou hast scorned and despised in this Life time? Wilt thou leap down into the Abyss and Hellish Fire, and there burn Eternally in the flame of aspiring self-love? Wilt thou *cast thy self down from the Pinnacle of thy false Imagination and Fancy by highmindedness and Pride*? O stop the Carreer of thy Mind, lest thou fare as *Lucifer* doth.

§. 10. *Heaven Described.*

O Heaven the Eternal source of all Joy! O Paradise fair Garden of Everlasting Delight! How shall I describe thee? Even as the Holy Spirit worketh from Eternity to Eternity, and continually manifesteth the infinite and numberless Forms of the fair Virgins of God: Just as the Earth produceth fair Forms of Blossoms, Herbs and Fruits, and  
put-

putteth them forth sometimes more fair, and manifesteth their Vertues more soveraign and powerful than at other times: And when one ariseth in the Essence, another falleth down: And there is a continual lasting uncessant Enjoyment and Labour. Thus likewise is the Paradisical blossoming in the Holy Bud of the Divine Pregnatress: Where the Plants of Holy Souls stand ( as in a sweet odoriferous Meadow ) by one another: And all is as a perpetual Love-combate or Wrestling-delight: A blooming of fair and curious Colours, in the Beauty of Gods Virgins: An Harmony of excellent Heart-chearing Musick from their sweet Voices: A pleasant ravishing Smell of Odorates in their Holy Breath: A continual pleasant taste of Love in their Divine Kisses: And a full Fruition of their Vertues, as being the Productions of the Blessed Deity in the pure Garden of Everlasting Pleasure, and Joy, *The Prince of Salem had a fair Vineyard in the Fields of Eden: He set out the Vineyard unto Keepers of the Humane Race: Every one for the Fruits and Profits thereof was to bring and pay a thousand Pieces of Cœlestial Gold: My Vineyard which is mine by free Gift is before me, saith the Virgin, the Companion of the Holy Soul: Thou O Prince of Salem must have a thousand: And they that keep the Fruit thereof five hundred Pounds, or five Talents: Now O Man, dost thou know where to find thy Souls Satisfaction? Beware of despising the means: A Servant being forced to stay with a Master against his Will whom he loves not, will never seek to please him: You shall never have any good of a Maid that is compelled to Marry against her Will: She will be but the more perverse, the more you endeavour to humour her. Have a Care lest thou neglect thy*



own Good: And when thou art well, hope not in vain for higher preferment, lest thou jostle thy self out of all, and repent too late. A Hen or some other Fowl aiming at the End of Procreation by the impulse of the natural Spirit, counts it no toil to sit upon her Eggs a whole Month or more or less, and is willing to be confined without the Element of her Pleasure and Recreation. Mayest thou be as willing to promote the Glory of God, the End of thy Journey and Labour: which to promote is the right Heaven of Mans Soul: To which place O King of Heaven direct us all: *Amen.*

## CHAP. X.

### The Souls Transmigration.

#### §. 1. *Christ the Lawful King.*

**B**etter is a Poor and Wise Child, the Innocent offspring of God, than an old and foolish King that tyrannizeth over the pure Seed, who will no more be admonished, as being Reprobate or past Reproof. For out of an infectious Prison or Dungeon of Darkness he cometh to Reign, as being no lawful Heir, and not of the Right Line; He is an Usurper: Whereas also every Subject (the Faculties of his Mind) that is born in his Kingdom becomes Eternal Beggars. I considered all the Living which walk under the Sun of Time, with the second Child of Regeneration that shall stand up and sit in the Divine Throne Eternally in his stead. There is no end of all the People and Subjects of illegal Tyrants, even of all that have been before them in Lucifers Apostacy, whose Seed lives in

in the Humane Generation. *They also that succeed or come after* either before or after the end of this World *shall not rejoyce in Lucifer, or an Humane Usurper. This also is Vanity and Vexation of God's Holy Spirit.* The Humane Commonwealth comes to Ruine under a Foolish Prince, even as the Feet stumble by the Intoxication of the Head. *In the Day of Prosperity be joyful; and when things fadge well between thee and thy Virgin, let thy Heart be merry. But in the Day of Adversity,* when thou art crossed in thy Desire or Love by the Sorceress, *consider what thou art a doing. God also hath set the one over against the other, to the end that Man should find nothing after and Superior to the fair Virgin of God, worthy to be sought after:*

§. 2. *His Right to Reign.*

**T**HE Fire of Hell, and the Ocean-Womb of Eternity are good Servants, but bad Masters. The Virgin (it is true) should be Queen in the Humane Republick: And the Spirit of the Soul Vice-Roy: But if Man inverteth the right Order, he himself must pay the Forfeiture or suffer the Penalty: Yet the Rebel must have his due: And as the Proverb saith. He that cannot bear to be a Servant, let him be his own Servant. When thy Work is done, and the Crown obtain'd, then rest in Security; but wo to him that hath an ill Name in his Youth, He will be suspected by the Virgin: As having put the Crown of blooming Youth upon the Serpents Head. But if thou follow Vertue, thou mayest become the Head of all thy kindred, Therefore O Son of the Virgin, *if thou seest the oppression of the Poor Spirit of the Soul in the Humane*  
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*Republick: Marvel not at the matter, and if thou beholdest a violent perverting of Justice and Judgment in the Soulish Province for a time, wonder not: For he that is higher than the proudest and highest Mind regardeth: And there be higher than they: For the Spirit though oft as a Servant walking a Foot in low place is higher than the Rebel Soul. O Man mark what I say: I the Preacher returned, and reflected upon all the Oppressions that are done under the Sun of this vain Light: And behold the Tears of such as were oppressed, and the sighing of the Spirit of the Soul, and they had no Comforter. And on the side of the Soul, there Oppressour, there was Power, (for there was no Compulsion to draw him to Sin against his Will,) but he would not open his Ear of Compassion. Wherefore I praised the Dead, that are already Dead, even the Mortal Animals, more then the Living that are yet alive for a time, but are like to dye the Eternal Death. Yea, better is he then both they which have not yet been, who hath not seen the Evil that is done under the Sun of Time and Eternity: An Embryo is more happy than the false Birth. Yea an Eunuch is happier than he that is joyned to the Witch like Traduction of a false Will, which rebelleth against the Will of the Deity. All these things have I seen in the Days of my Conversation in the Vanity: There is a Just one, the Spirit, that perishes (or rather vanishes) in his Righteousness. And there is a wicked one, the false Mind, who prolongeth his Life of Eternity in his wickedness, and yet would willingly Dye, but shall not find Death.*

## S. 3. False Judgment.

**T**His also have I seen and applied my Heart to every Work that is done under both Suns, there is a Time wherein one Ruleth over another (as the Soul over the Spirit) to his own Eternal Hurt. And so I saw the wicked buried in the Abyss, who had come and gone from the Place of the Holy by his Apostacy: And they were forgotten in the Holy City where they had done any good, for their good Works did not follow them. This is a great Vanity. Because Sentence against an evil Work is not executed speedily (for the Spirit of the Soul or Conscience hath not Power to pronounce it till the Day of Death) therefore the Heart of the Soul, Son of the Humane Root is fully set upon mischief, by plotting against his own Judge, and working wickedness against God's Friend. But know this though a Sinner do evil an hundred times, and the Days of his Eternity be prolonged in Pain and Horrour. Yet surely I know that it shall be well with the Spirit of the Soul that fears to Sin against God's Law, and to the Soul that consents to the Spirit and fears before him: And so all is well that ends well. But it shall not be well with the Wicked, neither shall he prolong his Days of Vanity in this inferiour World, which are as a Shadow, and whose Spirit will vanish as an Image in a Looking-glass, because he feareth not God, and to offend his Virgin. There is a Vanity which is done upon the Earth of Humanity, that there be Just men, unto whom (if they Apostatize) it happens according to the Work of the Wicked: And if the Father hath eaten sower Grapes, the Child of this Apostate, as by Transmigration of or into an unlucky

lucky off-spring,) his Teeth shall be set on Edge: *Again there be wicked ones to whom (if they retract) it happens according to the Work of the Righteous, I said, that this is also the result of Vanity.*

#### §. 4. Retaliation.

**T**He Soul that diggeth a Pit for the pure Spirit of the Soul shall fall himself into it: *And who-so breaks an Hedge the Fence betwixt the two Properties, a Diabolical Serpent shall sting and bite him. Who-so removeth Stones or the true Land-mark shall be hurt therewith, and the building of his false Imagination shall fall upon him: And he that cleaveth the Pillars of Heaven shall be endangered thereby. If the Iron be blunt and there be no Stone to whet the Edge, because it is lost by Negligence, then thou must put more Strength in the Gate of Purgatory in this Life, but Wisdom (if in time she had been embraced) would have directed thee. Surely the Serpent will bite without Inchantment: And a Babler or false Accuser of the Spirit of the Soul is no better. The Tongue will break a Bone: Yet it is the best weapon of Defence, if skilfully handled. The Words of a Wise Man is Gracious, and refresh the Spirit of the Soul with his good News, and Story of his Travels and escape in Shipwrack; but the Self-accusation of a Fool will condemn and swallow up himself in the Abyss. He needs no Bell at his Neck: His Bolt is soon shot. The beginning of the Words of his Mouth contradicting his Conscience is Foolishness: And the end of his talk at the Day of Judgment is Mischief and Madness and an eternal Frenzy. Curse not therefore the King O Man, no not in thy thought: Speak not reproachfully against the Princely Spirit in the Bed-Chamber*



*Chamber of thy Whorish Companion: For the Angel-Guardians of the Air shall carry the Voice: And the winged Cherub shall discover the High-Treason. For Rebellion is as the Sin of Witchcraft: And as a Witch is a Rebel in Phylicks: So ( reversing the Point ) a Rebel is a Witch in the spiritual Politics.*

§. 5. *The Souls Metamorphosis.*

**A**lso I said in mine Heart concerning the State of the Sons of Men, that God might manifest them, and they may see that they themselves are of a Bestial Shape in the inward Signature, except they be new-born in the right Humane Shape. For that which befalleth Men, befalleth the outward Animals: Even one thing befalleth them, as the one dieth the External Death so doth the other: Yea they have all one Breath drawn from the Airs Power: So that a Man hath no preheminence above a Beast, for all is Vanity, which is in the outward Love, and vanisheth as a Shadow. All Animals, Humane and Bestial, Sensitive and Rational go unto one Place, the Grave of the four Elements, the Womb of their first Mother which conceived them swallows them again: All are of the Dust, or of the hoil of Atoms, and all turn into the same Chaos again. Now ( observe this Mystical Ancient Philosophical Point ) who knoweth the noble Soul or Spirit of a Right Humane Being that goeth upward into his own Heaven, and the Spirit of the Bestial Man by the Transmigration of his Soul into an Eternal Brute, ( or rather by the Metamorphosis thereof into a degenerated Viper or Toad, or other sensual Animal, according as his Soul was inclined in its Nature in this Life )  
that

*that goeth downward into the Opacious Cave of the grofs dark Earth in the bottomless Abyfs. This is not fet down here to reproach Mankind, but because it is certainly known in the Light of the Eternal Sun : O Man consider thy felf here.*

§. 6. *Work in Time.*

**C***ast thy Bread into a Ship floating upon the Waters of thy Eternal Ocean, as Treasures laid up in Heaven, and thou shalt find it after many Days in Eternity. Give a Portion to seven ; thy seven Properties, and also to the Eighth hidden in the seven the beginning of a new Harmony : For thou knowest not what evil may be hereafter in thy Humane Earth. If the Clouds of blessing be full of Rain and Heavenly Dew, they empty themselves upon the Earth of Man : And if the Humane Tree falleth by Ballance toward the pleasant South or toward the Grim North, in the Place where the Tree falleth, there it shall be to all Eternity. He that observeth the Mystical Original of the Holy Wind or Spirit or Breath of God ( thinking God will come by force into his Heart to compel him to come to Heaven ) shall not sow Divine Seed : And he that regardeth the Clouds of Darkness, ( thinking the Time of the spiritual Harvest is not yet come ) shall not reap a spiritual Crop. As thou knowest not what is the way of the Spirit of the Soul, nor how the Bones do grow in the Womb of the Virgin that is with Child of the Regenerated Birth : Even so God thou knowest not the Works of who maketh all. In the Morning of thy Youth betimes while it is called to Day sow the blessed Seed, and in the cool of the Evening-Gale of God's pure Breath withhold not thine Hand : And commit the Improvement to God by*

by Resignation. For thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that: Or whether they both shall be alike good.

§. 7. Before the Evil Days come.

**R**emember therefore ( O Man ) thy Creator and Father in the Days of thy renovated Youth: Think of the Ancient of Days in the beginning of thy New Regeneration: And he will prolong thy Eternal Days, call to mind thy Everlasting State, before the evil Days come, in which thou shalt say, I have no Pleasure in them. If thou Love God and the Virgin of Eternal Youth, and perpetual Beauty, the Evil Days or Years of Sorrow will never draw nigh, or overtake thee, or if they come they shall not continue: For an Everlasting Calm will come after a Storm of true Repentance. Therefore remember the kindness of her Youth, and the Love of thy Spouse, while the Sun of the Eternal Spirit of the Soul, or the Mind of the Affections of the Astral Nature be not clouded in blindness, nor the Clouds of Darknes return after the Shower of a Purgatory in this life. In the Day when the Keepers of the Humane House and the Maintainers of the Soulish Family tremble and quake, for Rottenness in their Bones, and the strong Men that carry Provision to the Mill shall bow themselves under their burden. And the Millstones cease, because they are worn out, and the sound of the Mill is low; and the Voice that calleth to Repentance is not audible: And the Sentinels that keep Watch and Ward at the Windows of true Light be darkned and blinded by false Phantasie: And so cannot prevent the Invasion of the Whores Brats, which will seize

seize upon the Castle. *And the Door of the Lips shall be shut in the Streets of the little City, and will not be opened to the cries of the miserable Beggar and Wanderer, and yet are open from within to utter Blasphemies: And Self-accusations in Despair. And he shall rise up as being frightened at the noise and terrour of his own Evil Conscience: Because he would not in Time attend to the Crowing of Aurora's Bird. And the Daughters of Musick shall be brought low, that they cannot hear the Voice of their chief Musician.*

§. 8. *Before a second Apostacy.*

**A**lso when they shall be afraid of an high Precipice, on the brink of the great Abyss, or Depth of Depths; *And a panick fear shall seiz upon them in the way of their Wandring. And the Almond-Tree of Fading Youth shall flourish in its last Leaves ready to fall. And the Grasshoppers singing which calls them to labour in the Harvest, shall be a tedious Note: And he that blows with the Bellows upon the Fire of Life, shall spoil them by unstopping them; or fit them for kindling the Eternal Fire of a false Passionate Love. And Desire of Generation in the Virgins Love, shall fail: Because Man leaves this Country of his Pilgrimage, and seeks to wander to his long home, but cannot find it, except in the Grave of Silence and Darkness. And his Oil in his Lamp is wasted in his Virgins Hand, which should shew him the way whither he should go. And the Mourners, the Virgin and his good Genius, and the Spirit of the Soul, go cloathed in black about the Streets of his little City: And the Conscience rings a sad and doleful Passing Bell. Or ever the silver Cord be loosed from the Pitcher (which should*

should draw Water out of the Fountain of the holy Blood) *be cracked*: Which Pitcher, tho' it went oft to the Well of Salvation, yet comes home broken at last by Negligence: *Or the Wheel* of the circular motion of the incorrupted Juice, be discompacted by Retroversion *at the Cistern* of Living Water. *Or the Golden Candlestick* of a Pyramid-Figure, *be broken*: Or the Sieve of Separation of the impure Recrements from the pure parts, be crushed: Or the Sink of the Hellish Fundament be stopp'd, whereby the whole House becomes an infectious Jakes. *Then shall* this confused Chaos, without form, and void, *return to the Womb* of the *Earthy Mother as it was*: *And the Spirit of the Soul shall return to God that gave it*, to receive a Commission to apprehend the Soul, and the Soul shall go back to the Original Matrix of its own Worm. *Vanity of Eternal Vanities, (saith the Immortal Preacher:)* All the Actions, and Qualities, and Passions in the dark World, *is Vanity*, and the real Scene of a false Phantasie in the infinite Abyfs. O Man, beware of thy self: This Abyfs is the cause of thine own Being. *Be therefore advised, O Man: Of Searching the Original Books of Science falsely so called, (i. e.) vain Philosophy, of which there is no end: And too much study therein is a weariness of the Soul.*

§. 9. *No Redemption out of Hell.*

**K** Now this, O Man, if thou doubtest whether of the Two Ways thou oughtest to choose, and thou perhaps lightest on the wrong, and so comest to a bad Misfortune; then thou wilt say, I intended to go the other way once: When thou art already come into the irrevocable Pit. Now (I say) know thou therefore what was the cause of this; Because

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thou



thou by some evil Imagination a little before, didst stop the Ear of the Spirit of the Soul, which only is capable to hear the Voice of Fair Wildom, the Pure Virgin. Tho' the Virgin did at that Instant direct thee aright, at the Parting or Turning of the Two Ways, yet thou hadst not an Ear to hear her, who *cried behind thee in the Wilderness, This is the Way, walk in it.* When thou shalt come to be hid from the presence of thy dear Relations, and banished as a Vagabond from thy right Native Country, this may be thy Note, Ah Wretch that I am ! How am I become a Wanderer and Fugitive, or Renegado ! Why cannot I find my dearly Beloved whom I long after ? Must this be my Eternal Work and Labour, to long uncessantly after the end of my Journey, and yet never find the true Joy of my Soul, and Refreshment of my Spirit ? O Almighty Creator of us all, canst thou not break forth to me, tho' I cannot rush forward to thee ? For I know thou bearest no malice towards me : It is a thing inferiour to the Nobility of thy Nature, to bear a grudge to a Delinquent, and that Eternally. O must I continue for ever in this Labyrinth, seeking my Beloved, and never enjoy the Fruit of my Labours ! *What profit is in my mortal Blood ? Those that go down into the Infernal Pit cannot add to thy Praise.* The Answer from God will be, *Those that would come from thence hither, cannot : And they that would go from hence thither, cannot neither,* so as to fetch out a Captive thence, and redeem him, This is thy woful Work and Wages to Eternity.

§. 10. *Conclusion.*

**L** *Et we hear the Conclusion of the whole System : Fear God : Fear to break his Law : Which Law is Three-fold in the Root, and Seven-fold in the Branches, viz. Love God above all : And the Virgin as thy self, as being thy own Flesh and Blood : She it is whom God hath appointed to preserve thy Seven Properties in an Harmony of Joy, which Joy thou art bound to be Eternally affected with : For this is the Whole Duty of Man.* But feed not on the false Mandrake-Tree of the Hellish Jezebel's Property, which is Pain opposing Pleasure, by vertue of her Baneful Breath. But if thou art one that meanest (thinking thou mayst be able (as a Self-conceited God) to alter the Fundamental Constitution and Law of the Cœlestial Realm, by calling Good Evil, and commanding Pain to be Pleasure, or the contrary : Thou must first begin thy self : That is, A King or Law-giver ought to prescribe the same Law to his Subjects, which he himself is willing to keep : As Gods Law is to promote the heavenly Joy ; so he himself doth so : But if thou art minded to frame a tormenting Engine, a self-invented Idol for others ; If thou desirest as a peculiar God, to correct Gods work, and make a new Repugnant Law ; that is, Let the fighting Properties be thy right Food ; or let the Hellish Pain be promoted ; then thou must begin and do so thy self, and so thou shalt become a God in the dark World, and thou shalt sit in a Throne of Anguish, as being inspired by a malignant Blast from Hell, by the Where's side, in the Chamber of Contagious and Fiery Infection without end, and all Creatures shall wonder at thy ever-abiding the Flame of Consumption

ption never to be consumed, and at thy Necromantick Fabrick, never to be blown up by thy self-produced Powder-Plot. *For God will bring every Thought, Word, and Deed to Judgment, to be weighed in the Ballance of his Sanctuary, by the motion of the Seven Wheels; and every secret thing must be tried in the Eternal Fire, which discovers the inward Impurities, that it may be known whether it be good, or whether it be evil; that is, Whether the Good or Evil Property be predominant in moving the Souls Wheel Backward or Forward.*

*As Gods Law was in the Beginning, So it is now, and ever shall be: World without End. Amen.*

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F I N I S.

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